



THE
LAKESIDE MONTHLY.

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AN OLD-TIME PICTURE.

JULY 4TH, 1776.—JULY 4TH, 1873.

LET us roll back the world on its axle of fire,
Let us halt, if we can, just a breath or two higher
The sweet simple time when they halved every trouble,
Ere pinks were carnations and roses all double!

We will watch for a roof with a slope down behind,
Like a sun-bonnet blown partly off by the wind,
Till the tresses of brown turn to gold one by one
As they shake out of shadow and shine in the sun:—

For a chimney as broad as the curb of a well
Where the ember-red maple leaves eddied and fell,
That volcanic plumed up with its volumes of smoke
That were crimson and gold when day brightened and broke;—

For a neighborly porch with the brow of a Greek,
That will make you as welcome as if it could speak,
With a vine that runs up like a creature alive,
And as brisk as a bee that is bound from the hive
It goes rambling about with inquisitive leaves,
And then swings in a frolic along the low eaves:—

For a rusty-gray curb round a rugged stone well
Where with dangle of bucket the sweep rose and fell
O'er the disc of still water, a silent black eye
That unsleeping, unwinking, is watching the sky:
Now a star shines along, drops a beam down below,
Now a drift of noon-cloud sheds a fleck of its snow,
Now a shadowy face smiling up to the brink
Where a girl smiling down has forgotten to drink:—

For the flinty old fields where the vicious-edged hoe
Always struck out a weed and a spark at a blow:—

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For the pastures where mullens and butter-cups grew,
And the white-legged sheep gnawed the summer all through;—

For the strawberry meadow so haunted with bees,
Where the boys and the girls crept about on their knees
And became — of each other — devout devotees;
Where the monarchs of twilight for ages had stood
And pronounced benediction with branches abroad,
Hark, the stroke of an axe like the tick of a clock!

There's a burst of broad sunshine, a crushing of flowers;
Hark, the crash of the giants with shiver and shock!

There's the chime of the wilderness striking the hours!
Lo, their monuments here that the mowers mow round
With a glint of the scythes that are rasping the ground;—

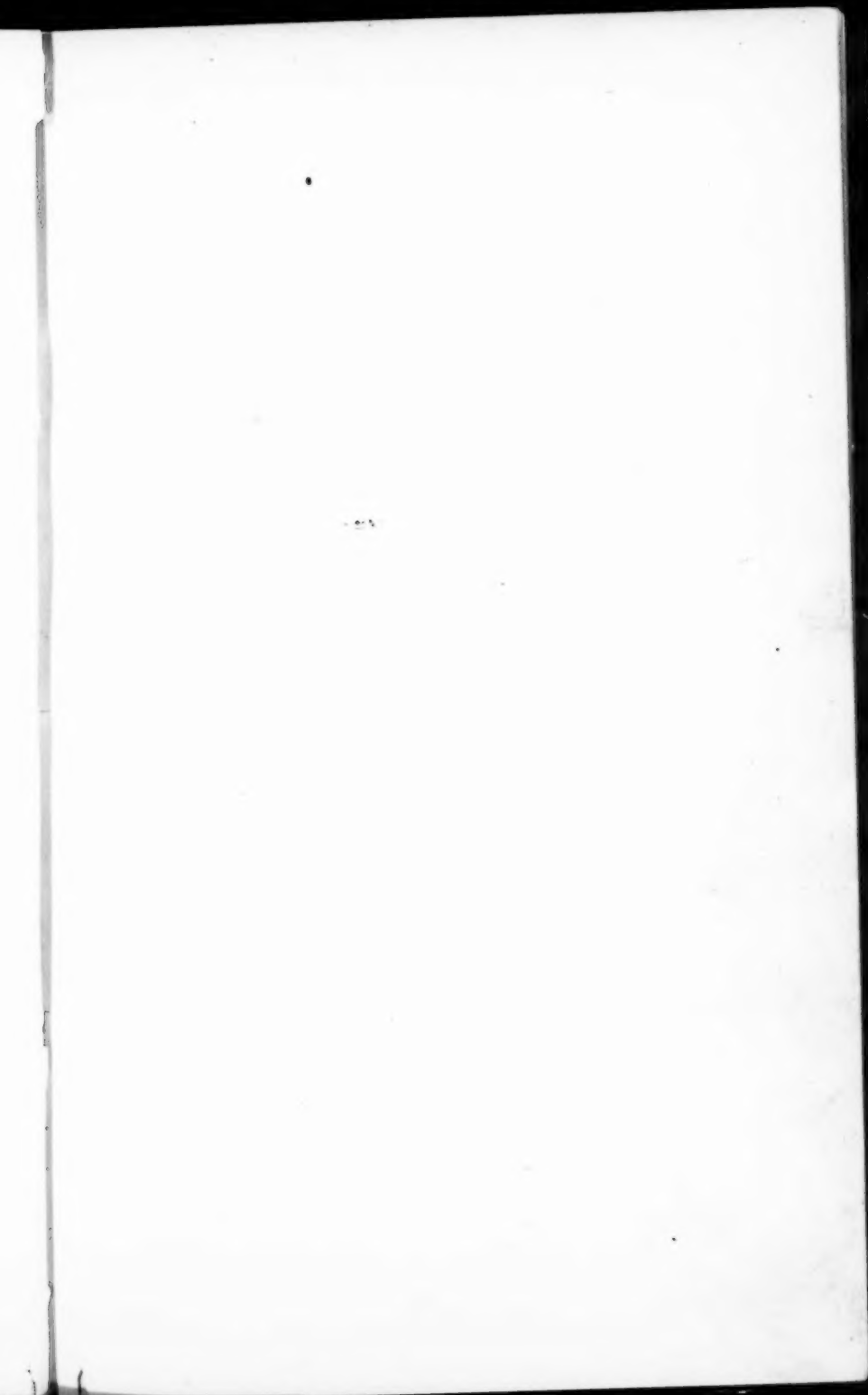
For the quilt of a field where the cradlers went in,
And their free swinging sweep seemed as easy as sin;
On the skeleton fingers the grain was laid down
Like the Babes in the Wood far away from the town,
And the rakers and binders came rollicking after
With their heads thatched with straw and their hearts full of laughter—
And perhaps the old farmer of Pomfret is one,
With a ring to his jokes like the flash of his gun;
And perhaps Molly Stark shades her eyes with her hand,
As she watches the boys that are sweeping the land;—

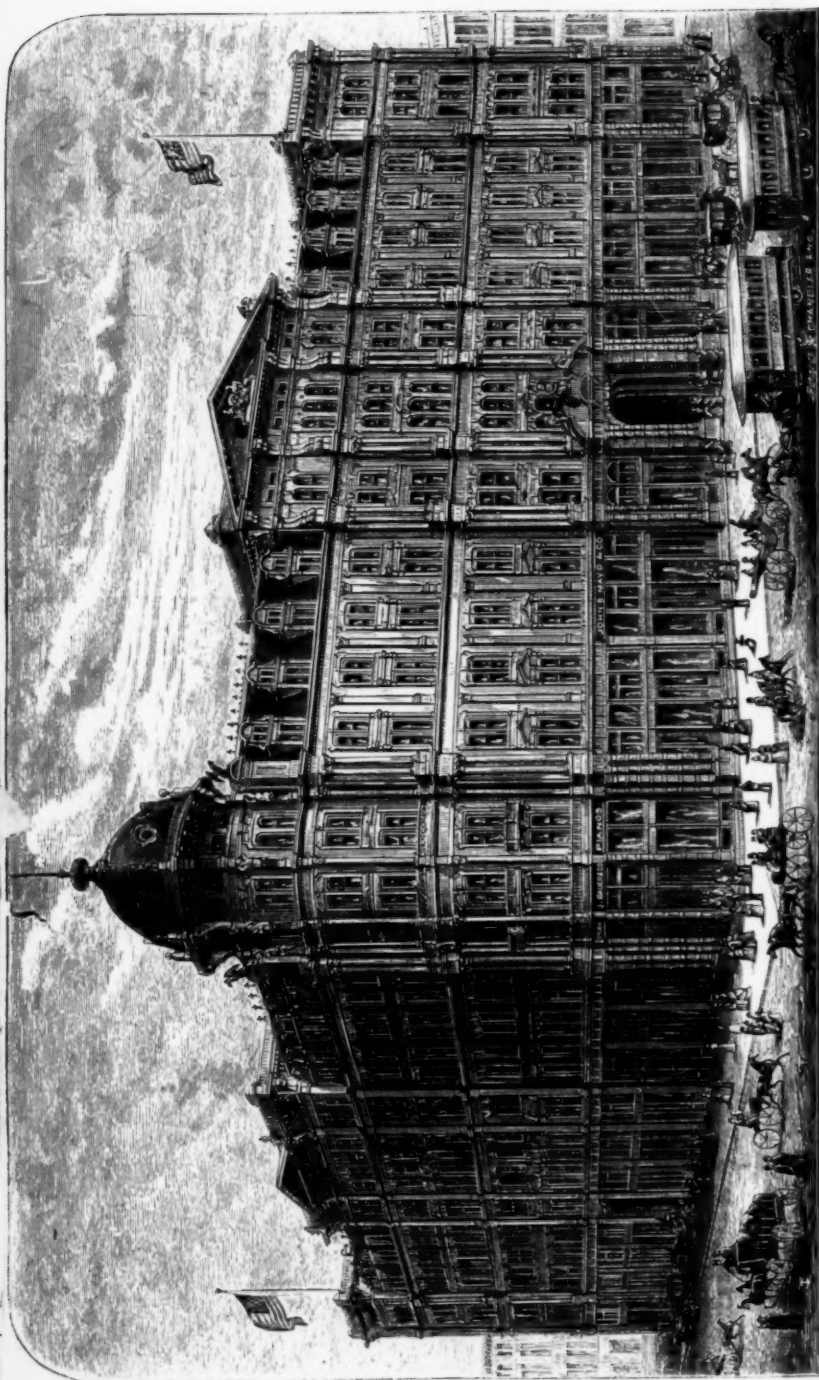
For a sky-line that rises and falls like the deep,
Lies as light on the hills with its tremulous sweep
As a mantle of blue on an infant asleep!

And the watch is all over — the picture is given,
And the scene is ringed in with a scollop of heaven.
The wide door on the latch opening full to the south
Is as sweet as the smile of an eloquent mouth.
When you swing on its hinges that neighborly door
A broad carpet of sunshine unrolls on the floor,
And a bee and a butterfly, freed from the fold—
And they must have been in it before it was rolled—
Like two figures escaped from a tapestry loom,
Are just drifting about in the rambling old room.

There's a touch of green caraway charming the air,
There's a low, loving ceiling, with a hook here and there,
Whence festoons of dried apples and pumpkins have hung
That the "bees" in checked aprons had quartered and strung;
There's a spotless white table, a broad open palm,
That has grown with the mouths like the swell of a psalm—
'Tis a small hand of Providence, laden and spread,
That has answered the prayer of three ages for bread!

There's a thrush on the linden, a goldfinch adrift,
And a lark going up on a musical lift;
There's a girl in the garden, a "feller" to love her,
And a robin in song in the maple above her;





Engraved for the Lakeside Montreux.

THE PALMER HOUSE, CHICAGO.

(For description, see "Miscellany" in back of present No. 1)

There 's a tin horn in tether adorning the wall,
And its twang sharp and nasal is sweeter than all!

There 's a box on the window-sill, awkward and square,
"Live-forever" defiant is clustering there —
Ah, the *true* "live-forevers" are haunting the place
And are thronging my soul with ineffable grace!

The old room has grown human in all the long years—
Has been brightened by happiness, hallowed by tears;
By the brides on the hearth that will bless it no more,
By the cradles kept rocking like boats on the shore,
And that old-fashioned hearth with a flare to the jamb,
And a throat full of midnight to swallow the flame,
And a crane like a witch's long slender black tongue,
In the yawn of red fire horizontally swung,
And a brace of tough fire-dogs, their feet in the coals,
Looking out from beneath the broad volume that rolls
Like the burst of a sunset in glory and gold,
That the touch of no Titian could ever have told,
Ah, the Arctic old hearts are alive that remember
All that splendor of fire in the perished December,
And the flicker and flash of the musketry rattle
When the hemlock and birch blazed away in sham battle,
And the sturdier glow of the hickory bank,
Reinforced with rock-maple in front and in flank,
When the surges rolled up and the rubies dropped down,
Like the gems that are struck from a conquered king's crown,
Till the rush-bottomed chairs falling back in good order,
As the leaves flush apart in a wild rose's border,

All around the horizon the cider and song,
And the Baldwins and Greenings went circling along,
And the touching of hands and the whisper aside,
All the charms that survived it when Paradise died!
With the thought of that ingleside Eden is near,
Long deserted and cozy old corners of cheer!

On the mantle two candlesticks, iron and old,
That have lifted their glimmer long winters untold,
Ah, the slender white shafts with their finish of flame,
That were lighted by those that old monuments name,
And the snuffers served up on a salver of tin,
When the crickets came out and the neighbors came in!

On the wall hangs the almanac, ledger of time—
At the tail of each page is a ringlet of rhyme,
At the top is the sun, with a flare to his hair,
And the moon, from the shield to the sickle, is there,
And along the brief column's zodiacal blaze
Is the roll of the age's battalion of days.

On the stand lies the Bible, that Day-Book so broad
It embodies the reckoning of mortals with God.

When the last of fourteen — just the lines in a sonnet! —

Is first seated at table, a twenty-pound man,
They just swing down the Book and enthrone him upon it,
And it brings him in range with the platter and pan.

On its cover the razor is cautiously strapped,
And within it the route of old Moses is mapped,
With the noblest of Sermons and sweetest of Psalms,
And the greenest of cedars and grandest of palms,
While Saint Matthew and Malachi guard the old story
Of the son that was born and the sire gone to glory —
Of the twain that were one, with an altar above it —
Of the darling that died, with a willow to love it;
'Tis the Blotter of tears for the mother and wife,
And belongs to the Ledger and Day-Book of Life!

On the gnarled wooden hooks, over mantle and all,
Is a battered Queen's Arm at a trail on the wall;
And that filbert-brown gun Saratoga has heard;
It has come to the shoulder at WASHINGTON's word —
What was saucy to kings is as dumb as a sword!

In the blessed home-room, and that dreamy June day,
On the hearth were two children, together at play:
One, a shrivelled gray man, shrunk away in his wear,
One, a boy like a distaff, with tow for his hair;
And one brought as he could the dead embers together,
And one blew for his life like a blast of March weather.
But the grizzled old boy was a-shiver in June,
And his mate's puckered lips sadly lacking a tune.

He never heard the birds outside,
He never felt the drifting tide
Of song and fragrance mingled so —
As strangely blent they float along,
You think you *hear* the roses blow,
And *smell* the robin's scented song.

Ah, the pulse that is dull with a dying desire
Can be warmed never more by an old kitchen fire!
But the shrivelled gray man dreamed his way back to life;
In the howl of December he heard the wild strife,
When the grand ragged regiments stood to the shock,
And the troopers came down like the wave on the rock.
So all things around helped his dreaming along,
And they rallied his heart like young Hopkinson's song.
E'en a kettle of samp that was lazily swung
On a hook's smutty finger contentedly hung,
With its bubbles of gold, as they shattered and broke,
Made him think of the far-away musketry smoke,
When the field was red-edged with the troopers' red drift,
Like a border of cloud with a ray in the rift,
And the Georges in surges of scarlet did run
Like a line of shore-billows pursued by the sun!

And the lift of the lid at the touch of the steam
Was as measured and slow as a drum in a dream !

Of the boys on the hearth one was yet on his knees,
When the calm ruffled up with a breath of a breeze,
And a posy of girls blossomed into the room,
All the threads of their talk like the woof in a loom.
The old man looked around in a querulous way
On the exquisite grouping, as if he should say,
" Do n't you s - e - e ?—Here I am, in my ninetieth year ! "
And he hollowed his hand till it fitted his ear.
" Oh, my grandfather dear," cried a willowy girl,
And a pair of forefingers nimbly ran up a curl —
" I was saying ' next week is the FOURTH OF JULY. ' "
Then the faded gray eye had a dawn like the sky,
Then the drowsy old heart gave an audible knock,
And he said, " I will pick the old flint in the lock —
Ah, she never missed fire — there 's a spark in her yet,
And the rattling old talk she can never forget ! "
Then the poor bended figure grew stately and tall,
For again he was hearing the bugler's old call ;
The one hand was uplifted, the other was laid
On the thistle - down head with whom he had played,
And he murmured, " My boy, in whatever you do
Be as right and as ready — the gun is for you —
She 's a quick - witted jade, but she 's trusty and true. "
Then a hush like a ghost that is here without coming
Set the hearts of the maidens all halting and drumming,
And the breeze held its breath that was filling the room,
'Twas as if one had spoken direct from the tomb,
With no charnel to rend and no coffin to rive,
And the First Resurrection had found them alive !

And the day broke at last, with its bunting and thunder,
And the eyes of the thistle - down rounded with wonder ;
A big anvil was pounding away in the road,
From the ridge of the barn a red banneret flowed ;
On the pine in the yard perched an eagle benighted,
By a hand - breadth of stars in blue calico lighted.
And the " trainers " went by in white legs and blue breasts,
All their plumes tall and straight, and with blood on their crests,
And the riflemen green, in their fringes and frocks,
" Shutting pan " down the line like the ticking of clocks ;
And the troopers rode on in fierce coat and fur frown
That had covered a bear, till it burdened them down.

With the ruffle and roll of the double drum corps,
And the fifes warbling up in the rumble and roar,
Like a bird half bewildered caught out in a storm,
Lo, there stood on the threshold the shrivelled gray form.
With the battered Queen's Arm — ah, the darling old girl !
And then, just as the wind blew the flag out of furl,

He was up with the musket and rattling away :
 It was three and three more for the Deed and the Day,
 And three rounds for the comrades that lay where they fell,
 In the front of the battle, the border of hell ;
 And three guns for the Flag, and a toll for the dead
 Old Commander who rode in the tempest and said,
 " Blaze away there, my men ! Are you *saving* your lead ? "
 So the clock struck thirteen — 't was an old-time salute,
 And the smoke rolled away, and the musket was mute.

And the shadows were travelling eastwardly all,
 They were shed from the trees in a lengthening fall,
 They were reaching so lovingly over the land,
 And were waving so strange when the forests were fanned,
 You would fancy them fingers of pitiful Night,
 That were gleaning the fields for a handful of light ;
 And they lay like a hand on the Veteran's head,
 And he sat in his chair till the heavens were red,
 And the musket and Thistle - down lay at his feet,
 And his years were in sheaf like a bundle of wheat ;
 He had grounded his arms, and the Soldier was dead !

But the World never halted, but trampled right on —
 Not so much as a pausy for him that had gone ;
 And the grasses grew rank and the tablet grew small
 Till the name on the stone had no meaning at all,
 And the FOURTH OF JULY yet revolved like the Light
 As it flashes to sea, intermitting the night.

There was growling of thunder low down in the sky,
 And the crown of calamity lifted on high ;
 Every thorn was crushed home upon Liberty's brow —
 Valley Forge's own imprint had bloodied its snow !
 Then the trumpet of rally ! The terrible tramp !
 The blue skies had all fallen ! The world was a camp !
 Then the columns spread wide like the limbs of a larch,
 And grew grander and broader. The world was a-march !
 Then the crashing of cannon as batteries wheeled,
 And the shock of the legions ! The world was a-field !
 And the bullets flew fiercer and farther and faster
 In the storm equinoctial of death and disaster,
 Till the gardens of Eden were mantled in gloom
 And the world was a Ramah and Rachel at home !

And again it was June. The porch door was swung wide,
 And the sunshine rolled in with a wonderful tide
 Of the breath of the birds and the blossoms outside.
 Framed by threshold and lintel, a picture of grace,
 Stood a model of manhood, his heart in his face ;
 And the fellow was made on an exquisite plan,
 With the eye of a woman, the mouth of a man ;
 And his mother stood near in white apron and arm —
 But her silver-white hair did her beauty no harm —
 With a wide maple bowl where she patted and rolled
 With a broad wooden ladle an ingot of gold,

And then lifted the ball to a platter of delf;
It was Thistle-down's mother and Thistle-down's self;
While her locks were turned white, his were deep'ning to brown—

Then she nervously said, "What's the news from the town?"
"Oh, my mother," he cried, "there's a call for more men!
And they've made it before—I can't *hear* it again!
And no more 't would mean *me* had they called out my name!"
And his eyes were in tears, though his cheeks were aflame.

"Did they *lie* when they said that a man-child was born?
It could never be *me* and I hid in the corn!—
All the boys march by bugle, and I by that horn!"
And he turned back a thumb at the pitiful thing,
Where it hung to the wall by its halter of string—
"Oh, my mother, say 'yes,' " and he bent low above her,
And he swallowed his heart like a pleading young lover;
"Do you mind of that *FOURTH* in old grandfather's time?
'T was the half of a couplet—I'll *finish* the rhyme."
Then she lifted her face, with a shiver of pain,
For the surge from her heart had rolled back from her brain,
And she said, "The Lord gave, and—" "Oh, no," he broke in,
"Let the sentence be ended right where you begin,
Oh, not 'taken away,' but just *borrowed* awhile;"
And then, murmuring low, with a far-away smile,
"I'll come back in the blue, and we'll bless Him together,
And we'll talk it all over,—this dark heavy weather.
I will go—it is duty—the way the thing looks;"
And he took down the gun from the brown wooden hooks,
And he said, "I WILL KEEP MY OLD GRANDFATHER'S *FOURTH*!"
And he blent with the blue of the broad azure North.

Then the June came again, and the bee and the bird,
And the Thistle-down too, but he uttered no word,
Though he came in the blue, as he said he would come,
But with wailing of life and the moaning of drum.

And the mother sat still in the sunny old porch,
And her eyes had burned down like a perishing torch,
But she took up the verse at the very same word:
"And has taken away, and be blessed the Lord!"

Do you think that the *FOURTH OF JULY* can go down
While a Thistle-blow lives long enough to be brown?
It will yet be a child at an hundred years old!
Lo! the columns of Centuries grandly unfold!
Rear rank, open order! and front rank, 'bout face!
And the Ages salute as they stand in their place,
And the *DAY* passes through with an eloquent grace!
See it shine down the lines with unquenchable light—
Good morn, Boy in Blue! Continental, GOOD NIGHT!

Benj. F. Taylor.

THE TWO DOCTORS.

A CHAPTER FROM THE ANNALS OF AN ORTHODOX NEIGHBORHOOD.

THERE is a little old town in New England whose history, if it could be written by some skilful hand, would vie with the charming annals of "Norwood."

If I were going to make a picture of it, I would encircle the picture with a line of light, as the old painters used to do with the commonplace heads of men and women, christening them thereby as saints and madonnas; for though it has but little glory of the earthly sort, it used to be famous in the good old times for its sturdy orthodoxy in religion.

Its people had not been plagued with that weariness of the flesh which has since resulted from the making of so many books and newspapers; their whole intellectual life centred in the two sermons of their minister on Sunday, and the meeting house on the hill was to the parish what Acropolis was to Athens, or the Forum was to Rome.

Theology was their mental meat and drink. If you went to your neighbor to borrow a plough or crowbar, he would lend you the article, and entertain you besides with sound discourse on the five points of Calvin, disinterested benevolence, the salvability of the heathen, or the probable number of the elect. The old farmers would sit by each others' huge open fires, and talk theology over their apples and cider; and the women—wise and prudent—conferred anxiously together of the probable fate of infants, as they sipped their "Gunpowder" or "Bohea." If figures of speech are allowable in a subject so profound, that little parish was a censer from which arose continually the most edifying odors of doctrine, filling the very air with a sweetness as manifest to the spiritual sense

of those who dwelt or journeyed there as to the natural sense was the odor of onions in that other Puritan town called Weathersfield. But now, alas! the air, like that of "Araby the Blest" is laden with nose-torturing fumes of brimstone—not that the place has become so very Sodomish, only that it has become the seat of a vast manufacture of straw hats and bonnets, for whose cleansing and bleaching that odious substance is greatly in request.

In those blessed days, this orthodox town was very prolific in ministers, having born and bred a score or so. But that goodly crop is sadly fallen off, and the writer of these annals mourns himself as the last of that honorable line. No town of its size has produced more men of genius. Besides the two who are the chief subject of this history, and the score of humbler reverends, it gave to the old Bay State that prince of educators, Horace Mann; and the other day, when the grateful nation strewed the graves of its dead heroes with roses and watered them with tears, a goodly company of its citizens set up and consecrated a noble monument in that village graveyard, to the memory of its great-hearted son, my old school-fellow, Richardson, the famous War Correspondent of the "New York Tribune."

When this bantling settlement grew big enough to need a name, they called it after that philosopher, the patron saint of printers—[as to his saintship *previous to his death*, history furnishes us with scantier evidence than we could desire; though if the printers are satisfied, that is no concern of ours]—and with true Yankee sagacity, when they informed him of the honor, they delicately hinted that there was a vacant

place in their steeple made to hold a bell. Now this was the most natural thing in the world for those thoughtful people to do, since several neighboring steeples were vocal with bells obtained on similar principles; but the wise old Benjamin replied, "Sense is better than sound," and instead of the coveted bell gave them a considerable number of books, bound in leather and boards—none of your flimsy *paste-board*, but veritable *boards*, whose solemn look impressed our youthful minds with such a sense of awe, that even to this hour it has not wholly disappeared.

This antique library, with plentiful additions, is now one of the three lions of the town; the other two are the Dean Academy and Dr. Emmons.

To be sure, the good Doctor is dead these thirty years; but among the old inhabitants there is the same magic in his name as in that of Napoleon among Frenchmen, while the younger people think of him as of a theological Numa, or Agamemnon, the central figure in a heroic age of his own; and his place in the history of his denomination may be seen in the fact that at their National Council in Chicago, a few years since, his old pine pulpit, over which Armenians, Pelagians, and the rest, used to be so unmercifully banged and cudgelled, was brought out of its hiding place in the barn-loft of one of his old parishioners and transported over a thousand miles to be set up in state and dignity on the platform in Farwell Hall, from which, I doubt not, it has journeyed east again to Boston, to be, as it deserves, one of the historic shrines of that very religious city.

In these more economic days, the idea of settling a man of the size of Dr. Emmons in such a little town, and keeping him there for the term of his natural life, would be a grievous sin against the eternal fitness of things. But it worked well enough in this case, for, as events transpired, it was evident that no town, of whatever size, would have been able to take and keep the whole of him. As the young minister

in this, his first and only parish, waxed greater and louder, and became a mighty "Son of Thunder," and a Doctor of Divinity besides, his little flock came to feel under such obligation to him for being such a great man, and bringing such distinction to their town, that he became a very prince and autocrat among them; while they, like fond and loyal subjects, made it a part of their religion to believe and praise and fight for anything he might choose to say. Thus it was in part, from the very smallness of his parish, that his theology came to be the standard in all the country round; and such it remained for two whole generations.

In these latter days, when people have grown so dainty in doctrine, it is refreshing to note the sound theological digestion of this mighty man.

He asked no questions for conscience's sake; crude masses of dogma that would choke your delicate gullets, he could bolt without a cough, or even a wink. If a thing was to be believed, he believed it without higgling at the price it might cost his commoner sense, and he taught his hearers to do the same. Woe be to the puny weakling among the students for the ministry, whom he used to take for training, who could not muster faith for the five points of Calvin and the proper deductions therefrom!

One luckless day, so the tradition runs, a student came to the Doctor with a text of Scripture which had sorely troubled him, for, to do his best, he could not make it harmonize with a certain doctrine in the Emmons creed.

"Young man," said the Doctor sharply, after the case had been presented, "let me give you some good advice: First establish your system, and then *bend the Scriptures to it*."

Among his favorite topics of discourse was "The Secret Will of God." It appears from his sermons, now published in several thick volumes, that the Governor of the Universe had two wills, separate and distinct—one the will revealed in the Bible, the other

His sovereign pleasure, which He kept entirely to Himself.

Concerning this "Secret Will," Dr. Emmons was doubtless as well informed as any man of his time, for he explained to his admiring hearers, that while it was true that salvation had been provided enough for all sinners, yet God had secretly "determined to apply it only to a part." I quote the words as he fixed them in the creed of his church, and as they actually stood for nearly a hundred years.

Another invention in theology, which had a considerable run, was the duty of being "willing to be damned." On this point the good Doctor was especially clear.

According to him no person was really quite fit to be saved till he was willing to be lost—*i. e.*, if it should turn out that he was not of the number of the elect. This high state of grace he professed himself to have attained; and with this doctrine he kept the holy ambition of his people continually on the stretch, though I have never heard that any of them ever reached that ecstatic frame of mind.

He was, however, more successful at other points—as, for instance, that all the descendants of those sinners in Eden were personally guilty of their sin; for one of his admirers used to declare the doctrine sound and wholesome, "for," said he, "I feel myself guilty of the sin of Adam every day." Some queer people said it was a pity he should waste so much penitence on the sins of Adam when he had so much use for it in other directions. However, that is a matter which but faintly concerns us in this history, though the experience of that highly orthodox individual may not have been so very peculiar, for it is frequently easier to repent of the sins of others than of our own.

The manners of the great Doctor were as stern as his theology. He was grave and courtly towards his equals; superiors, he did not know of any; but to his inferiors, *i. e.* his parishioners,

he was stern and almost forbidding. Being accosted by one of them with a cheerful "Good morning," as he was riding out to take the air, he did not deign a look at such impertinence, but growled out this glum reply: "I do not wish my people to speak to me in the road."

I have heard my father say that one afternoon as he was going home from school he saw the Doctor riding towards him, at which he became so amazed that he rushed over the fence, into the woods, and climbed up into a tree, till the mighty man on his little old horse was well out of sight in the opposite direction, and then he stole softly down and ran away home as fast as ever he could.

It was a fearful thing to rouse the wrath of this good man, as certain light-minded people in the choir found out one Sunday to their shame and sorrow. On that memorable day some overzealous man of music brought his bass-viol to church; and when the Doctor rose to read the hymn, there arose also a faint sound of tuning the viol. The minister stopped short and listened. The tuner ventured on a louder scrape; then, as the awful truth flashed through the good man's mind, he shut up hymn-book and Bible with a slap, seized his three-cornered hat, rushed out of the pulpit, out of the church, and down to the horse-sheds which flanked the meeting-house in six long lines—a testimony unmistakable of the church-going habits of the people of this orthodox town. To that safe retreat he was at length pursued by his two trembling deacons; but the Doctor had already mounted his horse to go home, and it was only with the utmost humility and a pledge of better manners in future, that he was at length persuaded to enter again the sanctuary whose holy air had been disturbed by such unsanctified vibrations.

Addison, or Young, or somebody else, has said, "Life is short, and art is long," a statement eminently true in this case, for the art of playing psalm

tunes on the bass-viol was, in the end, too long and too strong, even for Dr. Emmons, for I can remember the doleful moans of that same bass-viol, which, in my boyhood, was a long-established institution in the singers' seats, and which, for aught I know, remaineth there unto this day.

The Doctor's salary used to be paid once a year, out of the rentals of the pews. Mind, I say it was paid; for those old-fashioned people had no idea of the delicate distinctions which modern parishes sometimes draw, to the detriment of the fortunes of our order. They seemed to feel obliged to pay the promised sum for preaching and praying—and that at the time when it was due—just as the minister felt obliged to pay for his cord-wood, molasses, and tea. The salary was not large—somewhere about four hundred dollars—but the good man lived comfortably on it, for he was blessed with a prudent wife—two or three of them, if I am not mistaken—and besides he had a little farm around his modest mansion, on which he raised a few serviceable things.

It is due to the sacred character of history to say at this point that the Doctor did his farming by proxy, for he could not be persuaded to labor with his hands; perhaps because he was too busy with his brain, or perhaps, as the hired men used to put it, "he had no stomach for hard work." It is said that on one occasion he did suffer himself to be persuaded to sit down upon a small and very crooked log to steady it while the man with the axe should split it into rails; but such was his experience that he never could be induced to try it again. Once, when a black thunder-storm was rolling up in the west and threatening to spoil his hay, he did take up the pitch-fork for a minute or two, but directly laid it down again and went calmly back to his study, leaving his little crop to the chances of the rain.

It had been the custom of the old parish treasurer, for many a year, to

carry the salary to the minister on a certain day. But a new treasurer having been elected, he thought to try a new plan, and make the Doctor come after his money. The pay-day passed, and no sign of salary or treasurer did the minister see. The next morning, while that functionary was sitting at breakfast, the face of the Doctor suddenly appeared in the doorway. "I did not see you at my house yesterday," he said, and without another word disappeared as abruptly as he came. And so the new plan never went into operation, for the man of moneys was glad to gather up his books and his funds and hasten after the irate Doctor, to pay him his dues as aforesaid.

There was a little nest of Baptists in one corner of an adjoining town, whose proximity sorely vexed the Doctor's soul; and he used to say to my grandfather, "Keep up good frontiers; do n't let these Baptists get in; keep 'em out—keep 'em out!"

But the source of his chief distress appears to have been the Universalists. A few of these heterodox people lived in a pretty valley whose stream gave power to four or five mills and factories; and so well did they thrive, in spite of the thunders of the Doctor's pulpit, only a mile and a half away, so much money did they make out of both land and water, and so little of it did the church of the standing order ever see, that, partly in envy and partly in jest, their little hamlet came to be known as "Poverty Lane."

How the good Doctor preached at those worldly-minded sinners! With what unanswerable logic did he show that people such as they were doubtless reprobates from all eternity, and that nothing in human character could in any wise affect the secret and sovereign will of heaven! "Sin was of God just as much as righteousness," he said; and sinners were just as useful for purposes of destruction as the righteous were for purposes of salvation; and then he would wind up his discourse with this formula: "If the foregoing

remarks are true, it is the duty of all men to repent"—with which no one could find any fault; for of course it was their duty all the same, whether the "foregoing remarks" were true or not. But the easy-going people of the valley seldom heard the truths thus wisely fitted to their spiritual needs, generally going off to Bellingham on Sunday, where there was preaching more to their taste, or taking their ease at home—and a little something else, for there were two or three tavern-stands in the village—so that the labor spent on them was mostly lost; for though they liked the courage of the man, they did not readily yield to his efforts to drive them into the kingdom of heaven, from which, by his own showing, they were probably shut out by a secret and inexorable decree.

For a quarter of a century did this good man preach and govern, growing more famous and more dogmatic all the while, and watching the frontiers of his little kingdom, menaced on the south by the Baptists and on the west by the Universalists, whom only by unceasing vigilance did he succeed in keeping out. His power in the parish came to be such that I can think of no other showing of it than to call in the help of that profound historian, *Die-drich Knickerbocker*, and liken this autocrat of orthodoxy to those mighty Governors of New Amsterdam, *Peter the Headstrong* and *William the Testy*—to both of them I mean, for neither in history or mythology do I know of any one man to whom to liken him without doing my good Doctor a very great injustice.

Among the blessings which heaven sent him was a sweet and gentle daughter, whom he loved as the apple of his eye. Mary was the name he gave her, thinking the while of that sweetest and gentlest of women, but thinking not of the tears those two sweet syllables contain. She was at once his joy and his tyrant; love made her fail to see the sternness of the *man*—she went straight to the *father*. No other feet

than hers ever dared invade the solemn study unbidden—no other fingers dared to toss the leaves of his ponderous sermons or the hair of his ponderous head. Ah! sweet child, you are the only orthodox person in all the little kingdom who is not afraid of that mighty man. Only you and those outside heretics dare to laugh when he is by. And now you have grown so fair and tall, do you think it safe for your tender mind to talk with that young man who comes to the singing-school from the heterodox region of Poverty Lane?

And Mary says, "We do not talk theology."

"But Mary, does that great and good man, your father, know how long young Oliver holds your little hand when you give it to him to shake?"

"He is going to be a doctor," says Mary; "may be he is studying anatomy a little."

But the young physician was a manly fellow and was not brought up to fear the minister; so one day he went to see him to ask if he might not have that little hand for his own—the anatomy of it has pleased him, you see.

Imagine the good Doctor's consternation! This young man is the son of the very foremost family of the Universalists, and yet he ventures to ask the daughter of the great orthodox divine in marriage! He might as well have asked a king for his sceptre, or St. Peter for his keys.

In those days the hands of the daughters were held to be at the disposal of their fathers; nevertheless, Mary was called to state her views in the case, when it became too evident that natural affection had triumphed over doctrinal difficulties, and that the heir of that heretic house had won her orthodox heart.

Horror of horrors! His beautiful child—one of the elect no doubt—in love with a man whose family had defied his preaching for more than a quarter of a century!—who had actually made fun of his great sermons on Pharaoh—who had denied the

plain and wholesome doctrine of election!—who had refused to feel guilty for the sin of Adam!—and who were farthest of all from being willing to be damned!

And the young man himself a full-blown heretic—believing in heaven for everybody, all the more because of being in love with his sweet and well-instructed daughter! It was too much for human nature to bear! And so, without stopping to inquire whether or not this state of things were fore-ordained, or whether or not this impudent young man might be among the number of the elect, he took the case into his own hands, turned the young monster out of doors, and then set about bringing his daughter back to a proper frame of mind.

There can be no doubt that the stern discipline which he used was intended for the highest good of the young lady, but it partially failed of its purpose. Like a dutiful child, she gave up the sweet hope of her life, but could not give up her love. The sharp exhortations of the good Doctor produced no such healthy reaction in her mind as they sometimes did when addressed to a stiff-necked parishioner; but in spite of them all, her poor heart still longed for her lost lover, like a little child reaching after a star; and thus she grew sad and silent, and strangely beautiful, glorified by her great sorrow, till at length the hand she would have given to her unbelieving lover was laid across her breast, and a grave was made for her underneath the snow.

Now it was the heart of the father that was breaking. He did not weep, but he raved; shut himself up in his study; walked groaning up and down the floor for days together; would not eat; could not sleep; would not let anyone come near him; would not let the body be buried; till at last one of his old deacons broke into his presence and preached him a little sermon out of one of his own.

"You have told us," said the Deacon, "that we ought to be willing even

to be damned if that is the will of God. Is this worse than being damned, that you rave and rage, and fly in the face of Heaven?"

With a mighty effort the wild man tamed himself, began to prepare for the funeral, and after burying his darling went about his work again. His people knew his heart was crushed and bleeding, but they were too much in awe of him to bring him their sympathy and consolations as they did to one another, and so the great man had to bear his burden alone.

After this, his study became even more than ever his home. Out of it, except when in the pulpit, he did not like to speak to anyone, and if a parishioner called and found him pacing his garden-walk he would scarcely say "Good morning" till safely ensconced in his little stronghold.

Whatever other good effects his grief may have wrought upon him, it did not soften either his manners or his theology. To the last he held himself above all common mortals, and seemed to think of them as so many tenants, to be bowled down at the pleasure of their Maker.

The young Doctor presently left the scene of his love and his loss and went to study his profession in the Paris hospitals, which in those days were the Mecca for all aspiring devotees to the art of healing. But over the grave of his darling, it is believed, he registered a vow that some day he would be avenged on the house and heritage of him who, for the sake of the savage dogmas of his creed, had broken two young hearts, and filled one early grave.

After several years of study he returned to his native country, though not to his native town. Few men of his time were more learned in medicine and surgery; but in his later life he turned aside from pills and scalpels, and speedily grew rich by those means best known to manufacturing and railroad corporations.

The fame of his wealth began at

length to be noised abroad, and next to the great Doctor he came to be the most notable citizen of that orthodox little town. To be sure, it was rarely that he was ever seen in it; but once a year he would pay a hurried visit to that heterodox hamlet, Poverty Lane, gather a flower from a certain mound in the parish graveyard, and then away again to make more money and gain more honor, and to watch and wait for the time when his vow could be fulfilled.

During all these years the great Doctor preached and governed with ever-increasing severity, swinging his logical beetle, driving home the iron wedges of the Calvinistic creed, holding a firm grip on the consciences of his parishioners—still belaboring the Universalists and keeping out the Baptists, still showing up the secret will of Heaven, and insisting that the climax of piety was in being willing to be damned.

For a full half century he held the sceptre of his little realm; but one day he suddenly fell down in his pulpit in a fainting fit. It does not appear that he was ever sick before, but this sudden stop appeared to him like the period which the pen of the Almighty had put to the record of his ministry. Accordingly, he resigned his pastorate, retired from public life, and took to waiting for death—which was rather slow in coming, for he was obliged to wait nearly twenty years.

During this time he and his distinguished friend, Rev. Thomas Williams, of Providence, R. I., entered into an agreement to preach each other's funeral sermon.

"Brother Williams," a man no whit behind the great Doctor, either in power or oddity, used to come over to see him and compare notes of the sermons in question. At one time he was reading over some pages from that cheerful manuscript, when the Doctor interrupted him with the remark that the eulogy was somewhat too high.

"Hush!" says Williams, "You are a dead man—you have nothing to say."

And so it proved at length, for the great Doctor died first, and Brother Williams had the satisfaction of producing that manuscript before all the assembled multitude, and reading and reading till it began to grow late in the afternoon, and the dead man had to be buried with his long waiting funeral sermon only half preached. But Brother Williams had not prepared that document for nothing. He came over from Providence and preached the funeral of his sturdy old friend again and again, till he had quite finished the discourse, by which time the great man had been dead nearly a year.

The resting place of the old Doctor was a humble one, in the village graveyard, at the head of a long line, where the dust of his wives and of his darling Mary had been laid; but in due time a huge obelisk of granite, fit emblem of the man, was raised to his memory in the very centre of the village common.

After awhile the affairs of the great Doctor's family became somewhat unsettled—some debts perhaps, or want of proper care; at any rate, his house and farm—for it always went in his name, after his death as much as before—was at length offered for sale, and the man with the vow upon him became its owner. Soon, on its highest knoll, a spot which overlooked the country for miles around, a Universalist Church arose, beautiful without and luxurious within, and a minister of the faith that has a heaven for saints and sinners too was sent to preach his gospel there.

What consternation reigned among the friends of the great Doctor! The sect he had fought so mightily, at last had triumphed over him, and it was doubted whether he could rest quite easily in his grave.

However, they found some crumbs of comfort, for the little company who worshipped at that church grew less and less, till at last the man in whose name and by whose gift it had been established came back to his native town

to carry out, in full, the purpose which had dwelt so long in his mind. He is an old man now, and his thoughts are turning toward the grave, as you may know by that splendid mausoleum building in the village graveyard, on whose granite portal you may read the name of him who soon must enter —

“DEAN.”

But he is rearing for himself another monument, more costly and imposing. On another field of the old Emmons Farm, near the church already built, rises a majestic hall of learning, to be called the Dean Academy, and to be forever under the control of the Universalists of the State of Massachusetts. It is to be a stronghold of that very faith on whose account his name and family had been despised; it is to stamp its character on this old Puritan town and county; its President is to live in the very house, and use the very same room for his study, in which the great orthodox Dr. Emmons lived and toiled. And lest there should be a break sometime in the chain, the whole of the Doctor's little farm is given to the Academy to help maintain it; ample moneys are added for its endowment; the new church on the hill is given to it also, in case it should ever be neglected. And having thus triumphed over the house and heritage of his great orthodox enemy, and avenged, according to his vow, the broken heart

which the hard faith of her father and the hard doubts of her lover had crushed to death between them, the venerable Dr. Oliver Dean was laid in his own new tomb.

The grand Academy was almost finished. Its fame had already filled the whole region round about. To some it was a grand *Te Deum* in brick and stone to that God who only threatens His children, but does not mean to punish them; to others it was a sacrilege, almost a blasphemy; and the old men of the village, as they passed the little farm of their dead minister, shook their gray heads and wondered whether he would not come back from heaven to drive his ancient enemies away.

One morning — so they tell the story — when the great building was closed and empty, all of a sudden, flames burst out from its windows, and, like a helpless thing, it fell upon itself, a mass of ruins, before the frightened villagers could rally for its salvation.

Over those blackened ruins a new Academy is rising, no less beautiful than the first, though some of the ample moneys of its endowment have passed into brick and mortar; and as the grim purpose of its dead patron is pushing up again, the superstitious people shake their heads, as if the battle of the dead giants still were raging, and sadly ask themselves: Which of the two Doctors will finally win?

W. H. Daniels.

LEONESE LOVE SONG.

IF earth is an oyster, love is the pearl,
 Made pure from pure caresses;
Then loosen the gold of your hair, my girl,
 And hide my pearl in your tresses.

There is many a love in the land, my love,
 But never such love as this is;
Then kill me dead with your love, my love,
 And cover me up with kisses.

So, coral to coral and pearl to pearl,
 And a cloud of curls above me,
O bury me deep, my beautiful girl,
 And then confess you love me.

Then kill me dead and cover me deep,
 Where never a soul discovers,
So deep in your heart to sleep, to sleep
 In the darlingest tomb of lovers.

The world goes over my beautiful girl
 In glitter and gold and odor of roses,
In eddies of splendor, in oceans of pearl,
 But here the heaven reposes.

The world it is wide; men go their ways,
 But love it is wise, and of all the hours,
And of all the beautiful sun-born days,
 It sips their sweets as the bees sip flowers.

Joaquin Miller.

HOW ROESSEL'S GULCH PANNED OUT.

WHEN one stands breathless, waiting a man's next words — and that man a doctor — the pause that precedes the professional opinion is at best uncomfortable. For the moment he seems to hold the to-be-or-not-to-be in his autocratic hands.

The Doctor hesitated, and punched the fire before he spoke:

"Give up work—leave this climate," he said at last, "and you have a chance; otherwise—" the Doctor shrugged his broad shoulders, and left his sentence unfinished. "I promised to be frank," he added, as he bowed himself out.

'Give up work,' to a person who has no other means of subsistence; 'leave this climate,' to one who has neither money nor friends — and that one a woman!

She sat with a dull ache at the heart, and looked into the fire, silent and pale. One or two tears fell on her cheek; she impatiently wiped them away. Evidently she had not got beyond pitying herself, much as she had already suffered. Her chief characteristic was pride, though she christened it self-respect, and plumed herself much upon it. She considered that she had fallen from her proper sphere; but there were those who believed she had risen to it. For three years she had been self-supporting, and in that time she had lost all her nearest kin. Though rich in uncles, aunts and cousins, she was poor in friends. With the change in her circumstances, she had become cold, stately, and somewhat unapproachable, when she thought herself to be properly dignified and decently reserved. To meet familiar faces, and listen to the latest gaities or the last bit of gossip, when it chanced to filter its way down to her level, inflicted a pang that had its origin in weakness rather than

strength. She would fight it out on this line, she told herself, though there was more obstinacy than courage in the resolution; still no way had yet opened for a masterly retreat. She was young yet, and had always been strong and healthy. It seemed hard to give up the battle now; especially hard to linger on for months, perhaps years, under the curious though pitying eyes of mere acquaintances. Like a wounded animal, she longed to crawl away out of the sight of her kind to die — if die she must.

A shaded light burned on the table beside her, and scattered about were letters bearing a variety of different post-marks, suggestive of a pretty wide correspondence. From a little pile of newly-written letters, stamped ready for the morning's post, she took one addressed "Mr. Miles McGrath, Central City, Colorado." She broke the seal and read it slowly and thoughtfully to the end. The letter was signed Helen Winchester, and was her reply to a proposal of marriage. She dropped it in among the red coals, and watched it until the white ashes rose and floated up the chimney; then she slid down to the floor, and burying her face in the rug, cried bitterly — cried because she had determined to accept instead of reject Mr. McGrath's offer. Had she possessed a trifle less pride, or a little more nobility of character, such a solution of her difficulties would never have occurred to her. If the postman on his rounds that day had not forgotten to call for mail, the question would have been settled beyond recall. But we are not always delivered from temptation. To say that in her selfishness it never occurred to her to think of a possible wrong against Mr. McGrath in such an acceptance of his proposal, would perhaps be unjust. But he

was certainly a secondary consideration; and Helen Winchester doubtless thought such a decision on her part, whatever the cause, could not but be McGrath's good fortune; and it is probable that he, in his infatuation, would have agreed with her. Helen Winchester and Miles McGrath had met the previous summer in a little Iowa town. She was on a visit West for her health; he had gone East to look after a legacy. The acquaintance then begun had, on his part, ripened into love; on hers had faded into half forgetfulness. The idea of a possible marriage between herself and McGrath had never even occurred to her; and such a marriage would not have been possible to her under any but the given circumstances. It would be cutting loose of old ties — old associations — entering almost a new state of existence. She felt that in it she might lose her identity.

Before she slept that night, the letter was written, though it proved a sorry task. She conscientiously stated the facts in the case, and left the matter in his own hands. Of course he was in raptures; her illness was an additional incentive to care and tenderness. The lack of warmth in her letter he ascribed to girlish diffidence. Your young and inexperienced men always lay a great deal to the score of feminine shyness, where they themselves are concerned.

It was now getting into autumn, and if Helen Winchester was to go West that winter with safety, but little time must be lost. Before she could bring herself to think at all decidedly on the subject, her Western lover wrote, with characteristic impetuosity, that he should be in New York within two weeks, and should insist on carrying her back with him. She began to feel herself growing daily weaker and less fitted to perform the work committed to her charge. Her private pupils, one after another, she had been forced to give up; but she still clung to her regular hours at the Conservatory of Music, as the only thing that stood between her-

self and want. It required a certain kind of heroism to keep up to a degree the appearance of health and cheerfulness; of this sort she was capable. As the days went on, she found herself speculating as though it were not a matter of volition as to whether this marriage would really take place. But it had come to be almost a matter of indifference; physical suffering swallowed up what capacity she had left for feeling. Sometimes when she looked at herself in the glass, and noted the hectic color in her cheeks, and the dark circles under her eyes, she would laugh with a sort of ghastly humor, and ask herself whether it were not wiser to prepare for a funeral rather than a wedding. She procured some medical works, and had all her probable and possible symptoms by heart; she counted her own pulse, timed her breathing; in short, she did everything that it was possible to do to augment the disease, and to cut off what little probability there was of recovery. Unnatural as it may seem, she had made no confident. As a girl she had, through every little ill, always sobbed her heart out on her mother's shoulder. But that mother no longer listened, or if she listened, could no longer answer to the cry of her child; and the hardness or indifference of those to whom she was bound by ties of blood, had effectually dried up the fountains of sympathy and tenderness. She stood alone, sick, destitute, bereaved; yet she stood erect, her pride unhumiliated, her spirit as unbroken as in the days of prosperity. This Spartan spirit had not shown itself in happier times; it was the product of adversity.

Before the two weeks had quite passed she received a telegram from Chicago, stating that her lover was on his way. It was one of the invalid's bad days. A long walk in the cutting east wind had exhausted her. While she lay on a sofa, with burning cheeks and labored breathing, one of her female relatives chanced to call. After exhausting the topics of husband, children, servants, dress, in which Helen

sustained a somewhat languid part, her visitor remarked,

"And where, pray, have you kept yourself all this time, Helen?"

"Busy," she responded, as she was apt to do when thus questioned.

"You are always busy—and what a color you have, I declare! What is the matter with you?"

"Excitement," said Helen, "no doubt. In fact, cousin Clara, I am going to be married;" and she laughed a little. Her visitor looked puzzled, but incredulous.

"Yes, truly," she added, and tossed over the telegram that lay beside her. And so the news went.

"And that is all I could get out of her" said cousin Clara, when she had told her tale to her mother. "So eccentric, is n't it? I do n't more than half believe that Helen means to marry the man at all."

But she did marry him. The day came, and with it the man. Anybody who looked into the happy, assured, resolute face of Miles McGrath, would not have expected him to go away without the thing he came for. A Missourian by birth, he had for many years lived on the frontier. His temperament was roving. In a city he felt stifled and hemmed in. A man of fierce passions, crafty, humorous, and to a certain extent chivalrous, his ideas of right and wrong were about as clear as a savage's. He loved his friends—he hated his enemies—and was a very Israelite in despoiling the Egyptians. Personally he was a broad-shouldered, short man, towards thirty years old, blue-eyed, sandy-complexioned, and moved like a gymnast. The muscles on his arms seemed to swell beneath his regulation dress-coat. He laughed loud and frequently, showing two rows of perfect teeth; and when he frowned, his shaggy eyebrows met in a horizontal line above his handsome nose. He was tender and protecting to Miss Winchester herself, and free and jovial with her fine relations.

"In audacity," cousin Clara remark-

ed to her mother, she "never saw his equal."

His brain had not been fed on romances, and it never occurred to him to consider whether his future wife loved him or not.

He had wooed and won her—or rather, he had won her without a wooing—and was content. To come home empty-handed when he went out gunning, was failure; and to come home laden, was success—and the only success to which he ever dreamed of aspiring. But he really loved Helen Winchester. No other woman, savage or gentle, had ever filled his waking moments and haunted his very dreams; no other woman's voice lingered in his ears; no other name was half so sweet as "Helen." He never doubted that she was the queen of her sex—in beauty, in grace, in virtue. And that this fair creature had condescended to one of his low estate did not surprise him, for he was unconscious that his was a low estate; for the conventionalities of social life, he believed to be nonsense, and the civilization to be found only in cities he regarded as mere cockneyism. Yet, with all his roughness, he was tender. The invalid could scarce have fallen into gentler hands than those of Miles McGrath. Love is watchful. What he lacked in skill he made up in care. Their attitude toward each other was that of child and nurse; she accepted everything at his hands, and gave nothing in return.

When they left New York she was very ill—so ill that her relations, who had suddenly become aware of something like her true condition, declared that she could never live to reach Colorado.

The journey was a tedious one. At that time there was no Pacific Road, with palace sleeping cars, and the journey across the Plains had to be made by stage. At Chicago medical aid was called. They had been at the hotel but a short time when McGrath disappeared. An hour later Helen heard him springing up stairs two steps at a time.

"And how's my lady Nell?" he asked as he came bustling in and bent over her sofa. "And who do you think I've got down stairs? The jolliest doctor you ever saw; he'll fix you up in no time. You're to drink wine and beer and whisky, and eat no end of buffalo-steaks. We'll have you all right again before you know it. Shall we have him up, and just take a look at him?" he asked in his most rollicking tone; but his eyes were moist, and betrayed an emotion that belied his words. The Doctor scrutinized his patient narrowly as he held her hand.

"Have n't lost much flesh?" he asked.

"But a trifle, I think," she replied.

"A pretty good armful yet!" laughed McGrath, showing his white teeth.

"How's the appetite?"

"You ought to know, Miles," said Helen, shutting her eyes wearily.

"It is not so good but it might be better," he admitted.

"So!" said the Doctor oracularly. Then he meditated a moment, and proceeded to write two prescriptions. "This," he said, "is a liniment for the soreness in the chest; that a powder to be taken before breakfast every morning."

"I can assure you," he said to McGrath as he went down stairs, "that you are doing the best that can be done; I only wish it were earlier in the season."

McGrath spent a day or two in the collection of "gimcracks," as he explained to Helen, but of what description she did not know until long afterwards, in Colorado, she saw large boxes of freight unpacked, containing fancy chairs, carpets, rugs and china, which the young husband suddenly remembered to be necessary adjuncts to his bride.

While crossing the Plains, Helen learned for the first time that McGrath had a father, with whom he then lived. The household consisted of the two McGraths, a half-breed woman, and Irish Jim—a household over which she was bound to preside for better, for

worse, in sickness and in health, until death ended the compact.

When gold was discovered by some mountaineers, in Cherry Creek, where the flourishing city of Denver now stands, there were none perhaps able to predict the changes that ten or twelve years were to bring about in that almost unknown territory, Colorado. Energy and industry were the pioneers, but wealth and civilization followed close in their footsteps. On every mountain stream sprang up a saw-mill, and the noise of machinery broke the solitude of those lonely gulches; mining towns began to dot the pleasant cañons, and then railroads were laid out among the almost impassable gorges of the Rocky mountains, bringing with them the civilization of both continents to the very doors.

The country was on the eve of civil war, when the miners began to flock about Gregory's Diggings, which formed the nucleus of Mountain City, including what is now both Central and Black Hawk. In the year '61, Central City was a town of perhaps 1,000 inhabitants, composed chiefly of foreigners, many of whom were old miners from Cornwall, England. The "proprietors" were chiefly Americans, from all parts of the country, and from every grade of society—adventurous spirits, who dreamed of forcing open the coffers of mother earth and suddenly possessing themselves of untold wealth. Among the miners were comparatively few families; and two years previous not a white woman was to be found in Central City. Separated from the influences of domestic life, far from the restraints of custom, they were an almost lawless set.

The spirit of war was abroad. It found its way into the cabin of the miner, and brewed bitterness and strife. Party spirit was rife, and the occasional newspaper was valued next to the precious ore itself.

To such a place as this McGrath had brought his Eastern bride. More than six months had passed away, but Mrs.

McGrath never failed to excite interest and curiosity when she rode through the town; though she had come to be no stranger in the cabins of the miners when sickness and trouble came upon them. Little as she ever expected to see spring, yet with it she came slowly back to life and health. The light atmosphere expanded her lungs, and with returning strength she took daily exercise—long horse-back rides over the neighboring hills; and she spent days wandering about the fine forests. For a time her mind seemed vacant; the act of living, of breathing, occupied all her thoughts. But gradually the old self from whom she had parted in New York came back and took possession of her. Her interest in life awakened, and she found herself watching eagerly for the mail, and absolutely devouring the war news. A Northern victory sent the young blood throbbing in all her veins; a defeat brought a pang to which she had fancied herself dead. New York, no longer present, became dear—dear in sense of something that has been, but is no more.

For Northern blood and Northern principles she found but small sympathy in her motley household. McGrath the elder was a rank "rebel," though, being a Government official, he maintained a state of masterly inactivity, passing his time in lounging about his office and sorting out the mail to his neighbors, and talking mining interests with speculators. Young Mc. took a less decided stand than his father—being, as his wife bitterly told herself, too much of a savage for patriotism. Though he laughed over the successful Confederate raids, and admired their "pluck," he seemed none the less ready to cry "Good for Lyon!" or "Go it old Abe!" He evidently liked the fun of the fight, and if he could have made up his mind which side to support, would have liked nothing better than being in the midst of it. His wife had a little impetuous way of saying to him, "He who is not for us is against us;" and she divided men, af-

ter a somewhat feminine fashion, into those who said "we," in speaking of the Government, and those who said "they."

McGrath the elder was a stumbling-block in Helen's pathway; she did not feel that freedom in the management of her household, or her husband, which his absence would have given her. The father seemed to be almost the son's opposite—a sneering, half-cynical man, who regarded his daughter-in-law as a sort of costly toy, and a broken one at that. The church had never been Helen's recourse. With her religion had been but little better than a form until it sought her out in the wilds of Colorado. During her long illness the Rev. Mr. Martin, who fed such of the fold as could be lured from their vicious haunts on a Sunday, came many times to see his sick parishioner. A friendship sprang up between the two which resulted, on her part, in the first glimmer of spiritual light. Mrs. McGrath spent her Sundays discoursing sweet music from the old melodeon in the rough cabin that served as church. She taught a group of admiring boys some Gregorian chants, and their sweet young voices, Sunday after Sunday, drew in many a rough miner, "just to hear Mac's wife and the lads." How she grew to long for her piano nobody dreamed! That was a part of the civilization to which she bade good-bye in New York; but the voice that she had bemoaned as lost forever came back clearer and stronger than ever.

The stage running between Central and Denver at that time carried but few mysterious or interesting travellers. It was war-time, and the eye of the public was fixed on the scene of strife. The army had not only carried off the flower of the nation, but had swallowed up as well all superfluous members of society.

One morning, when the long Colorado summer was nearly spent, with its usual freight of masters and miners the up-coach carried two men who could not well be classed with either

party. One wore an officer's uniform, the other a suit of citizen's gray. The soldier was gay and chatty with those nearest him, but his companion wore an air of languor and reserve. His face was dark, pale and beardless; he looked like a man who had seen much, and began to weary of what he had seen. He showed a deeper interest in inanimate nature, for his eyes were constantly fixed on the shifting landscape, while his companion sought his entertainment exclusively inside. Heralded by its accustomed cloud of dust, the coach came dashing up the principal street of the town, and the king of the road, the driver, reined his six panting animals up before a rambling two-story frame building and speedily discharged its human freight.

An hour later the two strangers, having dined, were seen sauntering through the town, and finally joined a knot of loungers about the door of McGrath's office. The old man was talking excitedly, gesticulating violently with the hand that held the latest New York "Herald," while the other was thrust deep into the pocket of his shabby coat. He was a short, dark man, shabbily, almost slovenly dressed, and wore an air of mingled cunning and audacity. But such as he was, he seemed a leading spirit among his fellows, and cries of "Good for Mac!" and "That's the doctrine for us!" saluted the ears of the strangers.

The soldier's uniform was a sufficient introduction. The knot of loungers opened and took in the new comers; friend and foe alike wanted to hear news from the front. But Captain Winchester was fresh from Ft. Union, and knew more about Indians from personal observation than Confederates. His friend was an Eastern man, travelling for his health and looking into mining interests.

At the close of the afternoon the strangers rode out to look at the country, on a couple of ponies which they had purchased of McGrath—who was generally ready to supply travellers not

only with mail-matter, but gold and silver mines, horses or men.

That same afternoon it happened that Helen McGrath had taken one of her long rides over the hills. On her way back, a little before night-fall, the two parties encountered each other. She had begun to descend the long slope of a hill, which cut her off from the road; it was covered thickly with fallen timber, the charred and blackened token of one of those great mountain fires that threaten to sweep away the pine forests of Colorado. She gave her pony a loose rein, and he stepped cautiously over one log after another, picking his way with a skill that would have astonished one not acquainted with mountain ponies. The sun was just visible above the dark outline of the western hills, and glowed like the segment of a fiery ball, kindling the whole heavens with flames of crimson and gold and green. It is undisputed that the physical aspect of nature influences to a great extent the mind, and there seems to be something about the lonely grandeur of the mountains that awakens and develops the spiritual nature. This thought was sinking deep into the heart of Helen McGrath. She felt lifted above herself; and as she paused to gaze, the words "*Gloria in excelsis*" burst from her lips, and the whole hill-side echoed and reechoed the triumphant song.

"Hush!" said the soldier. "A woman's voice!"

"Or an angel's," suggested his more poetical companion. A sudden turn in the road brought the singer in sight. At the same moment she heard them. She turned her head; the "*Gloria*" died on her lips. She pulled her broad-brimmed hat over her face, and reining in her pony waited for them to pass. A lady at that time was not a common sight in the wilds of Colorado, especially in a New York riding habit. The strangers looked pretty steadily at the gracefully-poised figure. The soldier, by virtue of his gallant profession, ventured to accost her:

"I beg your pardon, Madam," he began, "but may I inquire—"

She turned her face toward the speaker.

"Helen Winchester! Nell!" he exclaimed, and was off his horse, holding both her hands and looking eagerly into her face. "Do n't you mean to give a fellow a kiss?" he asked. "Cecelia wrote about your illness, and how you had gone and married some Colorado chap; but I'll be shot if I can remember his name."

"And where did you come from, cousin Hal?" inquired Helen, when Captain Winchester paused in his torrent of words.

He explained that he was still stationed at Ft. Union, where he had been ever since he left West Point, and was impatiently awaiting a call to the front; meanwhile he had secured a short furlough to visit the mining regions with his friend.

"But here's Seymore himself. You remember Maurice Seymore, Nell?"

Mr. Seymore, who had kept modestly in the background, now dismounted and came up, and Helen gave him her hand over her cousin's shoulder. They were old acquaintances, and his presence brought a crowd of painful and pleasant recollections to her mind. For a moment, when Seymore stood looking into her eyes, unbidden memory flew back several years to New York, and she saw herself once more radiant in youth and hope, the centre of a gay throng, with Seymore's name opposite half the dances on her programme. For a moment she forgot that she was another man's wife. But his next words recalled her.

"I never saw you looking so well, Miss Helen—I beg your pardon, Mrs. —?"

"Mrs. McGrath," she said, coming with a start back to the present. "I believe that I have entirely recovered, thanks to this friendly climate. But I live in the town; my husband will be glad to make your acquaintance. Hal, will not you and Mr. Seymore return with me?"

It was nearly dark when they stopped in front of a low one-story house, very much spread out, and presenting a variety of irregular projections. It was built Southern fashion, with a door in the middle and a wide passage running through. In front was a roughly-constructed veranda, on which a man was smoking. He got upon his feet, and Helen introduced him as, "Mr. McGrath, my father-in-law."

With some surprise they recognized the old man whom they had met in the morning. He leered at his daughter-in-law, and insinuated coarsely that she had lost no time in "bagging the game." Then he inquired of the strangers how they liked their ponies; called attention to their good points, and reiterated that they were "dirt-cheap" at the price. They declined to enter, as McGrath was away, and made their adieus to Helen. But McGrath followed them a few paces, and in his most affable manner invited them, or more particularly Seymore, whom he at once scented as the moneyed man, to go with him the next morning to visit his mining works.

"How under heaven Nell could have married the son of such a man," said Captain Winchester, "is more than I can understand!"

Seymore was biting his lips, with a puzzled air. "I am not sure but I *can*," he muttered, rather to himself than his friend.

"What became of Helen Winchester after her father's death and the general break-up?" asked Seymore, later in the evening, as the two sat over their cigars on the hotel piazza.

"Went to teaching music, living at a boarding-house, and that sort of thing," said her cousin. "The truth is, Seymore, I'm afraid our people did n't do quite the fair thing by Nell. I believe that women are a confoundedly selfish set of creatures."

"Have you but just found that out, my son? The enigmas of life are slow in solving themselves. Women who do not partake somewhat of the an-

gelic nature are apt to approach its opposite; and they go a good deal closer too than we men ever do."

"I'll tell you what it is, Hal," said Seymore, after the wine-bottle had circulated moderately, "if I had not gone to Europe the summer I did, I should have married your cousin Helen."

"I wish you had. But what in the deuce is the good of your saying so now? If she were not married I am not at all sure but I'd marry her myself."

They found McGrath most courteous and entertaining the next morning, and moderated the opinion they had formed of him. His son was with them and quite won upon them by his frank and jovial manners. He was hale-fellow - well - met with everybody, until they chanced to offend him; then he classed them with savages, and treated them accordingly.

Seymore's manner, when he chose, was peculiarly flattering, and he paid decided court to young McGrath. He found Miles communicative on every subject but that of his wife; there he held his tongue. Seymore was a little piqued at his want of success in such a quarter, although McGrath was entirely unconscious in thus thwarting him. Miles McGrath was a shrewd fellow, and talked with discretion and sense.

"Tunnelling is the way to work a mine," he explained to Seymore, as they stood looking down the mouth of an immense excavation cut into the solid quartz. "Father will tell you the same. By tunnelling you save all expense of hoisting water, and about one-half the expense of getting the ore and rock to the surface. Most of our lodes can be worked by this process. We have to-day in this country a number of mills filled with machinery which has proved a perfect failure. These mills are owned chiefly by Eastern companies, who have secured some new process that has been highly recommended, but never thoroughly tested; and by the time the works were in

readiness to begin operations, the capital was all expended."

"But you have not proved your case," replied Seymore, with more than his usual energy, as he stood sifting a little of the precious dust from one white hand to the other.

"You have not proved your case; the companies failed for 'lack of capital,' to take your own statement. The machinery may prove a success yet."

"I've no confidence in your new inventions. I am confident that father and I work our mines in the cheapest and the surest way. You may ask anybody and he will tell you that 'Mac'—father—knows more about mining than any other man in Central."

At that stage in the conversation Captain Winchester and the elder McGrath returned from a stroll over the hills, where may be seen, on either side, dark, cavernous openings, the mouths of tunnels or deserted claims. They proposed walking down to the creek, where the "sluicing" was going on. Here the mountains slope steeply down on either side, and the creek winds along the side of the road. The water had here been made to pass through a sort of wooden trough or box, to which men were wheeling barrows full of gravel and dirt. The Captain poked cobble-stones about with his stick, and looked around with mild curiosity; but Seymore showed a keener interest. He questioned McGrath as to the process of separating the gold from the pyrites with which it is combined, and as to the approximate value of the copper. It was plain that he took in it the interest of a man who had money to invest.

"Why do n't you get Mr. McGrath to pick you out a mine?" suggested Captain Winchester. This gave a turn to the conversation. McGrath, thus appealed to, took up the theme, and before he had finished the two young men saw visions of future wealth and splendor. He frankly told them that a considerable sum of money was necessary in order to carry on the work; but, to

one who could command the capital, the road to wealth was sure.

"A great many mining companies," said Miles, "have bought mining property here of agents East, without examining for themselves. The only safe way is to visit the country and spend several months here; then take the ore out yourself, so that there can be no mistake about it. Take a quantity the whole width of the mineral vein, crush and mix it—then, by taking so large a quantity, you form some idea of how it will pan."

The days went by; the mornings were spent chiefly in lounging about the works, visiting the different claims and talking mining with the husband; the afternoons were devoted to the wife—a ride over the hills, followed by a smoke on the veranda and a cup of tea at twilight. They were pleasant days to more than one of the party—dangerously pleasant.

A week had passed, and Seymore had never seen the husband and wife together; and when he thought of it he knew that he shrunk from such a sight. That ought to have told him where he was drifting; but if it did, he closed his ears.

Central City was a scarcely more poetical spot than now, with its mills and furnaces; a few little shops and stores set amid the proverbially desolate mining scenery. But Seymore saw not the prose side; he fancied he could wish to live forever in the shadow of those grand hills, those wonderful views of crests and chasms, with a western sun slanting over the trees, as it always did when they came back from their daily ride.

McGrath's wife had changed his rough dwelling into a cozy, home-like spot. There seemed to be something restful and even luxurious in the low but tastefully-arranged rooms, with their soft couches and lounging chairs. But she herself was the crowning ornament. Her beauty was not of the dazzling order, but rather that beauty which grows upon you day by day, until you wonder

where could have been your eyes when first you met her. She was modelled like a statue. The chief perfection of her face was in profile, for it lacked in bright coloring. Her eyes were large, limpid and full of feeling, and lit up the whole face so that, when she smiled, it seemed to lack nothing. A certain graceful *abandon* characterized her movements, which satisfied the eye.

She looked a pretty picture to Miles McGrath as he came in one afternoon and found her leaning back in her low chair, framed in the door-way, with the folds of her blue dress lying all about her, and the warm light resting on her fair hair. She did not stir at his approach; he bent over her and saw that she was fast asleep. He looked an older and more thoughtful man than when he left New York with his bride. There were lines about his eyes and mouth which were not there six months before. As he stood looking down at her, it was plain he had not won joy when he won his bride. There was some ingredient lacking to his cup of bliss; as yet he had not learned what. He loved her as tenderly as ever, but it did not make him glad as it had done in the days before she was his own.

"Nell! Nell!" he said, touching one of the white hands that lay clasped on her knee. She opened her eyes at his voice.

"You, Miles!" she said, smiling pleasantly up at him, as she allowed her fingers to slip out of his. He bit his lip and turned away. She was always good, kind and grateful; he cursed himself as a brute for finding fault with her, even when he did not put it into words. He wondered if a fine lady like his Nell ever did love a fellow—say as his friend Pratt Allen's wife loved him—a sturdy country lass, who rushed out to meet him, threw both red arms around Pratt's neck, calling him, with kisses, her "dear old man," and this in the presence of whoever chanced to be his companion. Of course he did not want his Nell to do that, but—

"It is the little rift within the lute
That by and by will make the music mute."

He passed on into the house; when he came back he found Winchester and Seymore established on the piazza. The Captain's leave of absence had expired; he was to go the next morning, and had come to wish his cousin good-bye. Winchester rattled on, as he always did, of anything that entered his head, but Seymore said little. He sat on the step, almost at Helen's feet, and seemed content to merely look at her. First her scissors, then her worsted slid off her lap and rolled down the step. Seymore picked them up and restored them. It was a little matter, but Miles McGrath had not passed his life picking up scissors in a lady's drawing-room, and he suddenly decided that Helen must have missed many little attentions to which she had always been accustomed. Pretty soon Seymore sauntered away to the other end of the piazza to look at the sunset.

"Mrs. McGrath," he called, "do n't you want to see these glorious clouds?"

At that Helen joined him, and as the two stood looking off over the western hills, McGrath scrutinized them attentively. They were a well-matched pair, he admitted, and evidently belonged to the same caste. In an instant it flashed upon him, for the first time, that he was not a fitting mate for a cultured woman. His heart filled with bitterness. Helen came unconsciously back to her chair; her husband stood behind it, looking at her.

"But she's mine, mine, mine," he was thinking, "and cannot help herself!"

She wore a locket round her neck, the ribbon of which came untied. Miles approached to fasten it, trembling with conflicting emotions. When he had tightened the locket he suddenly leaned over and put his lips to her throat. The blood rushed into her face and neck. She first glanced back toward Miles, who stood behind her, and then her eyes fell before Seymore's steady gaze. McGrath glared defiantly around him and disappeared inside.

Captain Winchester broke the silence that followed by rising to take leave. Helen was sorry to lose her cousin—very sorry. It seemed hard to go back again to solitude, after this little taste of the old life.

"I never thought to be so sorry to part with you, Hal," she said, looking up at him with tears in her eyes. Then she gave her hand to Seymore; "Good-by," she said, and added with a little laugh, "'Blessings brighten as they take their flight.'"

"But I am not going, Mrs. McGrath," he replied.

"Not going?" she said. "Then it is good-night and not good-by, is it?"

"Seymore has not fixed it up with McGrath about that mine yet," explained Winchester, as they turned to go.

Miles kept out of his wife's way; she was too much occupied with her own thoughts to observe it. His father came in rather late, and Miles joined him on the piazza. Helen afterwards remembered that they talked earnestly for some time, and then left the house together.

McGrath, to accomplish a purpose of his own, determined to poison the mind of his son against his wife. It was an easy victory. The demon jealousy had thus far slept, but in a nature like McGrath's was quickly aroused. He was ready to believe all, and more, than his father insinuated. Having wrought his son up to a white heat of passion, the father had much ado to keep the hot-headed fellow from tearing Seymore from his bed to wreak immediate vengeance. But that was by no means the wily old man's purpose. He sought to soothe him by asserting that Helen was probably, nay, certainly, blameless—women generally were; they were led on to imprudence by such rakes as Seymore. The way was to nip the thing in the bud. He would point out a surer and more effectual revenge. The man loved money; touch him through his pocket. He wanted to buy a mine; sell him one. There was Roessel's Gulch.

"Roessel's Gulch!" ejaculated Miles, with a long breath. "You might as well sell him a Missouri clay-heap!"

"Exactly—you take me!" chuckled the old man. Miles was obstinate; he preferred his own plan of dealing with the offender; but the father had the strongest will of the two, and it ended—as things generally did between them—in Miles' acquiescence.

"But I told him he must pan out the dirt himself," he said, as a last protest.

"Trust me; I'll take care of that," said the father, with another chuckle. "We'll season up the broth to suit his aristocratic stomach."

Roessel's Gulch was a worthless, deserted claim, which had fallen into McGrath's hands. Seymore had money; he wanted to invest. McGrath was working a number of good mines. He believed in his judgment, and had no reason to doubt his honesty; so he promised to be an easy victim.

Miles was a poor conspirator. He knew it, and kept out of his wife's way. She did not see him until breakfast; then she saw at once that something was amiss.

"What is the matter, Miles?" she questioned gently, looking into his pale, sullen face and blood-shot eyes.

"Matter enough, madam," he said, with a glare of anger and reproach. The father laughed the jeering, unpleasant laugh of a malicious old man.

"The boy's jealous, Nelly—jealous! He saw you hugging the Captain, I suppose." With that he left them together.

"Miles, Miles! Tell me what it is?" she pleaded; for he had covered his face with his hands and hid it on the table. He would neither speak to nor look at her. When she became satisfied that entreaties would not move him, she said with wounded feeling, as she turned to go,

"Remember, I cannot ask you again."

"O Nell, Nell!" he cried, lifting a miserable, tragic face, "tell me—do you hate me? Do you wish me dead?"

"No. How could I?"

"The truth, I say!" he demanded.

"No, no, no—never!" she said, bursting into hysterical sobs. He looked at her sorrowfully across the table, as though she were miles away; then he took his hat and left the house.

Helen passed the day as best she could, alone. In the afternoon Seymore called to see if she would take her usual ride. She sent out word to him that she was ill from a headache, giving, as a woman generally does, the effect as the cause. Irish Jim, the general factotum, had carried the message.

"What have Mr. McGrath and his father been doing all the morning, Jim?"

"Misther Miles rode over to the other gulch, and the ould man has been confabulating all the morning with Saymore."

"And what about, Jim?"

"O, Mac's after selling a mine, mem."

"Do you know which one?"

"No, mem."

"Could you guess, Jim?" Jim's eyes twinkled.

"Well, thin, it's Roessel's Gulch, I'm thinking," in a whisper.

Helen hesitated. She saw that he had not told all.

"Well, and how is that?" she asked.

"Misther Mac is the ould Nick himself, begging your pardon, mem! But the divel take me soul if he is n't going to salt it!"

Jim was as sly as his master. He had picked up a good deal. Helen found by questioning him that the mine was to be "salted" that very night, after it grew dark; and Seymore was to go the next morning, with an old California miner of his own choosing, and "pan out" the dust of Roessel's Gulch. Then, when he was convinced that the yield was as large as it had been represented to be, he was to pay for the mine cash down.

Helen weighed the matter all the afternoon, and decided that there was no law of conscience that prohibited a wife from watching a husband's father.

Then she sent for Jim and engaged him as her spy.

The nervousness and excitement increased as the day wore away, and her headache was such that she was forced to absent herself from the supper-table. She heard the two men go out, when the evening was nearly over, and then she listened for the third to follow. Jim put his head in the door long enough to say, "Going now, mem."

What she expected to accomplish by Jim's aid, she hardly knew; nor could she think of any plan that seemed likely to prevent the consummation of the disgraceful scheme. But McGrath was her husband, and she must at any risk prevent his destroying his own self-respect, which would inevitably follow when the heat of passion had cooled—nor could her respect for him survive it.

A crime committed is worse than a crime meditated, whatever may be argued to the contrary. If she could save him even thus far it was worth a sacrifice.

She thought these thoughts as she tossed on her uneasy pillow. Yet there was one part of the affair that she would fain have left uninvestigated; that was her attitude toward Seymore. The father's reference to her cousin at the breakfast-table had for the moment deceived her; but she now saw the matter in its true light, nor could she entirely acquit herself from blame. Alas, she knew that she was not the ideal wife she had once pictured in her dreams of what might be! Awakened conscience told her that her marriage had not been a greater wrong to herself than to her husband. But she was not the woman to give herself up to vain repinings. With her, a wrong discovered was a wrong to be amended.

Jim, instead of following the two McGraths, struck out boldly and took the lead; and by the time they neared the chosen spot he was safely concealed behind a sort of breast-work thrown up from an old excavation. Jim saw distinctly in the moonlight the elder McGrath put first a large charge of pow-

der into his shot-gun, and a heavy wad; then he took from a pouch held by his son something that Jim knew to be gold-dust, which he added to the charge. This was repeated a number of times, firing at intervals into the earth. When the pouch was exhausted, and not until then, did he desist. The ground was then sprinkled with water and smoothed over, so as to look perfectly unsuspecting. The two silent figures, performing their midnight task, looked weird in the moonlight, as if the priests of some unholy tribe. Jim began to feel uncanny; the stout fellow fairly shook in his shoes before he dared to crawl stealthily from his hiding place, after the two conspirators had disappeared in the darkness. Helen was on the watch for him, and detained him at her door long enough to listen to his brief story. There could no longer be any doubt as to their dishonest intentions. Later she heard Miles and his father come in, but they left her to herself.

At the breakfast table Helen made her appearance, undecided as to what course to pursue, but determined to do something. Her husband had eaten hastily and gone out, a thing which she had not counted upon; but McGrath was peculiarly courteous, and even tender in his inquiries after her health; yet he scrutinized her with suspicion whenever he thought himself unobserved. When he rose to go she asked him to send Miles to her at once, and languidly complained of her head. McGrath promised, and patting her on the cheek, said that she must not mind if Miles was a little cross; that all men got "the blues" occasionally.

"She-devil!" he muttered between his teeth as he closed the street door. "Can she suspect anything?"

The two McGraths joined Seymore and his companion at the hotel, and proceeded at once to the mine in question. The Californian was an expert; he took up his pick and looked about as if to choose a place to commence operations. McGrath careless-

ly suggested a spot, saying that it would seem fairer to start in a new place than to go on with the old excavation, to which nobody demurred, and so the work began.

It is, perhaps sufficient to add that McGrath's "little game," as he would have termed it, proved a complete success. Both Seymore and the miner were jubilant over the remarkable way in which Roessel's Gulch had "panned out." Seymore was all eagerness until he had made the mine his own beyond recall. The check, at McGrath's suggestion, was made payable to James Reilly, who often rode into Denver on his employer's business, for it was considered somewhat questionable whether a check made payable to bearer would reach its destination without changing hands. Highway robbery was not an unfrequent crime in the earlier days of the Territory.

As soon as McGrath could separate himself from the rest of the party he sought out Jim. "Jim," he said, taking him by the collar and looking keenly into his perplexed face, "take this paper and Buckskin"—the best horse in the stable—"and start for Denver. Ride like the devil—ride till he drops! The minute you put the cash into my hand that minute a clean hundred is your share of the pile. How is that, my lad?"

As McGrath spoke, Jim gradually lifted his hanging head and held it up like a free-born citizen. He stopped trying to edge away from the grasp on his coat collar; his eye sparkled.

"Done!" he said, and his hand closed over McGrath's with a grip that conveyed a world of assurance; and Helen's spy had gone over to the enemy.

Disappointed in hearing nothing from Jim she became suspicious, and sent Nanette, the half-breed, to the stables, where she learned that Jim and Buckskin were missing. In an instant the whole truth of the matter flashed upon her. She was quick in drawing conclusions and rapid in exe-

cution. It was too late to meddle with or maim the horse, for he was already beyond her power. She must outrun him; that seemed to be the only chance, though a doubtful one. She did not waste a moment. By the time Pet, her mare, was saddled and before the door, she had put on her habit, put up a slight lunch, concealed a pistol in her dress, with money enough for chance emergencies. Helen was a good horsewoman, and she needed to be, with thirty-five miles before her—part of it the worst travelled road in Colorado. For the first four miles the road followed the narrow gulch of North Clear Creek; turning then in a north-easterly direction for perhaps a mile, she came to the foot of Smith Hill, the ascent of which was very steep, and fully a half mile high. From there the road was up and down, over hills and through ravines, as far as that since infamous Guy Hill, noted with travellers as the most dangerous bit of stage-climbing in the Territory. By the time they had reached the top of the hill Pet was pretty well blown. They rested awhile, then began the rapid descent, with Helen clinging fast to keep from being thrown over the mare's head. The road sloped gently down now toward Golden, which was in plain view. Nothing was to be seen of Jim. She wearied of asking those she met, "Have you seen anything of a man on a sorrel horse, riding toward Denver?"

The break-neck pace at which Helen rode when the road would permit did not prevent her from doing a great deal of hard thinking. She went over the whole of her married life, and the causes that brought it about—her own selfishness and her husband's forgetfulness of self. She lived over again those days of languor, of weariness, of pain, when life seemed gradually slipping away and the things of this world grew dim; the time when the faces of those who had gone before seemed very near as she lay waiting the final summons—the summons that

came not. Then when the incoming tide of life swept toward her, she recalled all the care, the tenderness, the devotion, which had been lavished upon her—the care that is the offspring of love only. In return she had given him gratitude, and perhaps but a small share of that. The tears gathered in her eyes and then fell, one after another; there was no one to see, and so she let them fall unchecked, and they seemed to wash away a load of doubt and uncertainty. The path of duty seemed plain before her. Hers was a loyal nature; if her heart had wandered it had wandered unconsciously.

"Why can't I not love him?" she questioned. "Why, oh why can I not give the thing itself, instead of the mere semblance of the thing?"

Golden City was a town of perhaps two or three hundred inhabitants, located just inside the foot-hills, and it showed but little promise of the brisk manufacturing town it has now become.

Helen stopped at a stable, as she passed through the town, to water her pony. The first object that met her eye was Buckskin, round whom a group of men clustered, and one of them seemed to be examining his foot.

"What is the matter with that horse?" asked Helen carelessly, of the boy who brought the water.

"Lame," said the boy. "Hurt his foot coming down Guy Hill. The man has gone over the way trying to get another horse—great hurry to get to Denver."

Helen had guessed the whole truth when she found Jim missing. She considered whether she should wait and confront him or go on. She was doubtful whether he would give up the check; and she did n't dare to trust to any uncertainty. Now she had the start, and she went off on a lope that showed she meant to keep it.

A long stretch of thirteen miles smooth riding brought her into Denver. Both horse and rider were pretty well exhausted. Excitement and the determination to win had kept Helen

up, but unhappily the pony could not be reached by such a cordial. She rode directly to the bank. One of the clerks rushed out to help her dismount. She was trembling all over with excitement, for she suddenly remembered that in her anxiety to be in time she had not thought what sort of a statement she had best make in regard to the affair. She asked to speak to the cashier alone. He took her into an inner room, while the clerks stopped writing to look with surprise upon the unusual apparition. She told the cashier that in a short time, probably within an hour, a check would be presented made payable to James Reilly, and signed by Maurice Seymore. She added that the possession of the check had been obtained in a fraudulent manner, and warned him not to pay the money. With that she rose to go, as though the matter was ended. The cashier did not seem satisfied to leave it thus.

"And you come in Mr. Seymore's interest?" he asked, looking at her keenly.

"I come in my husband's interest," she said, somewhat haughtily, "Miles McGrath of Central City. James Reilly is our servant."

"Ah! yes, yes! I know the McGraths, both father and son," he replied with satisfaction. "This matter shall be attended to, Mrs. McGrath," and he gallantly escorted her out and helped her to mount.

"You will not be going back to-night I suppose, madam?" he said, as he arranged her skirts, looking at her, somewhat curiously.

Helen expressed her intention of going at once to the hotel.

When she at last found herself alone in a room she threw herself on the bed, too worn out to more than taste the meal she had ordered. The end was not yet; she must get home; she must meet her husband before rest could come. Before she had time to think further she was fast asleep. By-and-by she was awakened by a servant, who told her that a gentleman wished to speak to her down stairs.

A gentleman! The cashier? Her husband? She felt an unpleasant apprehension of—she knew not what. She put on her hat, and on her way to the parlor she stopped to order her horse brought round. She stood a moment at the parlor door hesitating; then she turned the handle and found herself almost in the arms of Maurice Seymore!

The real worth of Roesse's Gulch was pretty generally known in Central City. Not many hours elapsed before Seymore learned enough to make him strongly suspicious of the fraud. He lost no time in procuring a horse and buggy, and made the best of his way towards Denver, hoping to be in time to stop the payment of the check. On his arrival he learned that he had already been anticipated by a messenger, and by whom. The cashier was a member of the vigilance committee, and he took the responsibility of detaining Reilly. He seemed sullen, and nothing could be got out of him. Seymore told them to release him; that he was satisfied, as he had saved his money, to let the offender go free. He had kept the truth to himself, thinking to spare Helen; then he hurried over to the Planters' House, where he was told he would find her.

"Mr. Seymore!" she exclaimed. She was as white as a sheet, and trembling. He thought it was for love of him.

"Helen!" he said—"at last!" and

tried to take her hand. "It is useless to battle against fate. I swear to you that I did not seek you; and you did not seek me; but we are here. Heaven made us for each other!"

Her eyes kindled with anger and surprise. "How dare you!" she said. "What have I done to deserve this at your hands?"

"You cannot deny that you love me, nor that you came here to-day in my behalf," said Seymore, paling to his temples.

"I do deny both charges. Sir, I am a married wife;" and the tears came into her eyes. "I came here to-day to save my husband from disgrace, and for that alone."

"One word more and I have done," said Seymore. "You are inexperienced, and are ignorant of the position in which you have placed yourself. You cannot go back to your husband; it is too late. Before this he believes the worst of you."

"Mr. Seymore, is it manly to appeal to my fears? Besides, I *love* my husband."

This confession was spontaneous; it surprised herself no less than it did him. At that moment her pony was brought round to the door. Seymore assisted her to mount, and bowed over her hand in silence; then he stood looking after her as she rode away out of his life into a future that held perhaps more for her than she dreamed.

Mary McConnell.

THE TALE OF A CITY.

The truth of the old Latin quotation, "*Tempora mutantur et nos mutamur in illis*," though often acknowledged, is rarely realized. It is only when the history of a thousand years ago is brought face to face with that of to-day that the contrast between the ancient and modern world is brought out in colors of startling distinctness. It is then only that the parallel becomes apparent between the ages of the uninhabited world and those of man's existence. For as the former, in the rude and almost chaotic condition of the earth's surface, were characterized by a giant growth, which, as the elements became settled and the earth prepared for man's occupation gradually dwindled to the verdure of to-day, so the rude and primitive ages of humanity were characterized by physical events of such overwhelming magnitude as dwarfs the events of the present into comparative insignificance. To carry the parallel still farther: as the land of primeval time gradually expanded above the waters, and the habitable world became enlarged, its giant peculiarities in the same ratio diminished into a more perfect harmony of proportions, and thus what Nature lost in the magnitude of its objects it gained in that higher stage of development more fitted for the accomplishment of the Creator's designs. Even so, as in man's existence, the world of intellect has expanded and developed; the physical events which characterized the infancy of the race seem to have correspondingly dwindled in magnitude, though not in importance, both operations contributing to produce a higher and better stage of being. In those days pestilence swept away its millions, where to-day the fall of thousands awakens universal dismay; war slew its hecatombs,

where to-day its slain are counted by thousands; and fire and famine depopulated whole districts to an extent which now would be accepted as almost positive proof of the approach of the Scriptural "latter days."

We are accustomed to consider the Chicago fire as perhaps the greatest conflagration of history, and the energy by which the city has been restored as something unparalleled. This error arises partly from the comparative silence of history, and more from the fact that our attention is so engrossed by the events of our own country that we do not pause to examine and compare with those of our own times the few meagre details furnished by the records of the far past, thus in a great measure losing sight of the magnitude of ancient events.

The Chicago fire has often been compared with the burning of Moscow in 1812; yet few are aware that even that conflagration was by no means the greatest calamity that has befallen that city. A glance at its history will show that few modern cities have endured so great vicissitudes, and fewer still have exhibited such a remarkable power of recuperation, rising as it has, phoenix-like, from frequent burnings and destructions at the hands of the savage hordes of Asia.

Writers disagree as to the date of the city's foundation. By some it is said to have been built in the middle of the twelfth century, by George Dolgoruki, Prince of Kiev; while others assert that it was founded so late as 1300, by the Grand Duke Youry Wladimirowich. From the early part of the fourteenth to the eighteenth century it was the seat of government of the Russian Empire, and also of the Patriarch of the Greek church. During this period, in spite of repeated destructions, it

attained its highest point of splendor; yet, in its proudest days, probably no city in the civilized world presented so strong contrasts between wealth and poverty, magnificence and the most abject squalor and misery. One writer has described it as "beautiful and rich, grotesque and absurd, magnificent and mean." Splendid palaces were often surrounded by squalid huts; stately and elegant public buildings stood side by side with modest and humble private dwellings. Here a street was paved; there one laid with plank; and anon another with the trunks of trees, and "boarded like a room." Nor was its architecture less discordant, both in order and materials presenting the curious appearance of the Asiatic style mingled with and gradually assimilating to the European.

In 1381 Moscow was burned by the Mongols, who slew in the city 24,000 of its inhabitants. In 1536, and again in 1547, it was nearly consumed. Scarcely had it recovered from these severe blows, when, in 1571, occurred its greatest fire, which, when judged by its disastrous consequences, was also probably the greatest fire of history, dwarfing even the great conflagration of 1812. At that time it was surrounded by the savage Tartars, burning with the desire of revenge upon their hereditary enemies. They fired it on all sides, completely destroying the city, and consuming in the flames no less than 200,000 of its inhabitants. From this immense loss some idea of the size of the city at that time may be gained. Thirty years later Moscow was visited by a terrible famine, by which 127,000 of its citizens perished. Ten years later, in 1611, it was taken by the Poles and Cossacks, and again burned with 100,000 persons. Thus, within the period of seventy-five years, the unfortunate city was four times burned, and lost 400,000 of its inhabitants by fire and famine alone.

So great and oft-repeated disasters might well, even in this our day of marvellous energy and enterprise, ap-

pall the stoutest hearts and discourage all efforts to rebuild and adorn a city so apparently doomed. And we cannot but wonder at the courage, fortitude, energy and perseverance of the stout hearts which, in those rude times, undismayed by appalling disasters, reared again and again the splendid city from the ashes of its ruin and desolation. It was worthy of the stalwart race who, two centuries later, had the nerve and the patriotism to apply the torch to their own homes and their splendid palaces and temples, and again destroy the fated city of their love, rendering themselves houseless and homeless in the midst of a terrible winter, in order that a haughty and victorious invader might be driven by famine and the rigors of an icy climate from the land he had almost conquered.

The magnitude of this conflagration can, in the light of recent events, be better realized than that of any of the former, from the fact that, though spread over considerably greater surface, Moscow was then, in point of population, of precisely the same size as Chicago at the time of her great fire. The city was then one of "magnificent distances," being eight miles in diameter and twenty-four miles in circumference. It contained twelve thousand buildings, of which only seven hundred remained as a nucleus for the recuperation that followed the burning. A hundred thousand of her citizens perished by the flames and the subsequent exposure and privation, to make no mention of the hordes of the immense French army who perished as the direct result of the conflagration. Truly the Muscovites lighted a fire that day whose flames illuminated all Christendom, scorching to cinders the throne of the mightiest potentate of the world, stemming the tide of glory which had hitherto borne upon its swelling crest the victor who never knew defeat, and at whose word the world trembled, changing the whole course of history, and burning their black record upon all the centuries to

come! Probably no single event of the world's history so utterly changed the whole tide of human affairs as this, or exerted so powerful an influence upon the physical, political and moral history of the future.

Yet scarcely was the land again clear of its terrible enemy before the characteristic energy of the Muscovites was again displayed, and the work of recovery began. In a few years the city again arose from its ashes, to enjoy at last a long period of repose.

From a writer of forty years ago we glean the following description of the city as it then appeared, twenty years after its total destruction:

"The public buildings and palaces were then very numerous, and the city contained not less than sixteen hundred churches, chapels and convents. It presented the same contrasts and irregularities of structure to which we have before alluded, its buildings being of stone, brick and wood, indiscriminately mingled; huts and palaces jostling together in a huge conglomeration of magnificence and meanness. Its population was some 320,000, increased in winter by a transient population to 400,000. It was built in five different quarters, subdivided into circles, the central and highest of which, called the Kremlin, or fortress, and lying in the fork of the two rivers, the Moskwa and the Veglina, was of course triangular in form, about two miles in circumference, and surrounded by high brick walls, with towers, and defended by a ditch. It contained the palace of the ancient Czars, Boris Godounoff's palace of granite, the Patriarch's palace, the arsenal, town hall, and several churches and monasteries. Of these the palace of the Czars—called the Red Balcony—was a very irregular and grotesque structure, built in various orders of architecture, and covered with spires and gilt globes, its front being ornamented with the arms of the various dukedoms of the empire. It contained many antique curiosities, and the plate and re-

galia of former sovereigns; among other things several thrones studded with precious stones, and the splendid crowns of Muscovy, Siberia, Kazan, Astracan and other provinces. It also contained five of the largest cannons in the world, one of them being sixteen feet long, of three feet bore, and eight inches thickness of metal.

"The second division was the Khitaigorod, or 'Middle City,' bounded on one side by the Kremlin wall, extending from one river to the other, and on the other by a low brick wall defended by twelve square towers. It contained numerous public buildings, churches and monasteries, and was considerably larger than the Kremlin. From one of these churches was performed, on every Palm-Sunday, the ancient ceremony suppressed by Peter the Great, when, the houses being profusely decorated with flowers and the streets strewn with branches of trees, the Patriarch of Moscow, dressed in his splendid pontifical robes, rode forth on a splendidly-decorated ass, the Czar himself on foot, humbly leading the animal by the reins, amid the 'Hosannas' of priests and people. Doubtless the humiliating nature of this office had something to do with the suppression of the ceremony by the Great Peter. This quarter also contained the celebrated Gostenoi Dvor, being a brick block of six thousand shops, which was destroyed by the fire and afterwards rebuilt.

"The third quarter, which surrounded the two former, was called the Beloi-gorod, or 'White City,' from a white wall built around it in 1587. Through this quarter runs one of the rivers, from south to north, having three narrow stone bridges. Within its limits were seventy-three churches, eleven monasteries, an arsenal, ordnance foundry, the imperial laboratory, and the Empress Elizabeth's University, founded in 1755.

"The fourth quarter, surrounding the other three, was the Zemlianoi-gorod, or "City of Earth," from the earthen

rampart surrounding it, and was 'a fantastical assemblage of palaces, churches, convents, wooden houses and cabins.' It contained twenty-two monasteries, one hundred and three churches, the police office, criminal tribunal, imperial stables, and many manufactories of different kinds. The earthen ramparts, built in 1591, once had thirty wooden gates, which, being destroyed, were replaced by two handsome ones of stone. Near one of them is the Empress Catherine's celebrated Foundling Hospital, built in 1764, and from which were said to come the best actors in Russia.

"Lastly, the Sloboda, or Suburbs, thirty-two in number, are built in a huge circle of twenty-five miles in circumference, around all the other quarters. They were surrounded by a low rampart and ditch, and contained, besides their buildings, fields, pastures, gardens, and the small lakes which are the source of the Neglina. Among the buildings were seventy-three churches and monasteries, an imperial palace and senate house, and Peter the Great's Hospital General, with its medical, surgical and botanical schools.

"The churches of Moscow were mostly of brick, stuccoed and painted black, or of wood painted red. Prior to the fire of 1812 many of them were ornamented with crosses with transverse bars, with *crescents* underneath. This curious juxtaposition of antagonistic symbols is explained by the fact that the Tartars, who held Russia for two centuries, turned the churches into mosques, and ornamented them with crescents. When the Grand Duke Ivan Basilowich drove them out he suffered the crescents to remain, but placed over them the crosses, to indicate the superiority of Christianity over Mahommedanism. Some of the churches were also ornamented with coarsely-painted figures of saints, wearing horse-shoe crowns, and some of them gilded all over, except the face and hands.

"The city of Moscow," says this

olden writer, "would appear to a stranger of the present day to contain two races of inhabitants, the individuals composing the first of which dwell in palaces, speak French, pay great attention to fashion, and amuse themselves with horses, music, balls, operas and plays. Those of the other race dwell in huts like savages, wear long beards, are ignorant that there are such things as theatrical entertainments, get drunk with brandy on Saturdays, quarrel, and become peaceable as soon as they have been well drenched with two or three buckets of water, which are usually kept in readiness for that purpose in all places of public resort. On the one hand we perceive civilization accompanied by all its luxury and all its excesses; on the other that state of society which is on the border of barbarism."

However depraved may have been the customs and habits of the lower portion of the Muscovite population, that custom of keeping on hand "two or three buckets of water" in places of public resort is by no means a bad one; and it is respectfully recommended to the humanitarians of the present, as well as to the Mayor and Police Board of the city of Chicago, as a very appropriate part of the furnishing of a modern lager-beer saloon, and a possibly powerful preventive of crime.

We are apt to arrogate to this our day and generation the loftiest virtues and stoutest qualities of the human heart. We boast of the march of progress, and claim the van in the tramp of human development, looking back with almost contemptuous pity upon the condition of our fellow-men of two or three centuries ago. We point to Chicago, rising with magical rapidity from its ashes, and to Boston, sweeping away its cinders and leading upward its towering walls of brick and stone, almost with a single stroke of the magician's wand, and proudly call upon the world to witness the unparalleled triumphs of human energy and of the enterprise and progress of the nine-

teenth century ; forgetting that nearly three centuries ago the same drama was enacted, the same energy and enterprise displayed by a rude and unlettered people upon the icy plains of Russia. The marvels of the present are indeed but an illustration of the maxim that " what man has done man may do," and its corollary that " what-ever man may do man has done."

Truly, " there is no new thing under the sun ! " The brief records which we dignify by the title of history are but fragments of the tremendous story inscribed upon the sands of time in the footprints of the ages. Could the true, perfect and entire history of the world from the dawn of human life to the present be unfolded to our view, we might perhaps discover, somewhere in the great past, civilizations rivalling our own ; golden eras of physical and mental development where now lie desert sands ; ages of poetry, art and refinement where now the seemingly primeval forest waves. The close student of ancient history is oftentimes startled by the fact that many of the great events of our day are but reproductions of those which have transpired ages ago. The archaeologist, burrowing beneath the accumulated soil and debris of centuries, occasionally brings to light some forgotten city of the past whose splen-

dor of architecture and magnitude and perfection of walls, temples, aqueducts and other public works, strike the world with admiration and awe, humbling the present with the thought that, after all, our boasted progress is in many respects but retrogradation, inferior to that of some almost forgotten past. The scholar, carefully deciphering some newly - discovered scroll or inscription of the ancients, or of the so-called dark ages, often discovers some gem of thought — some noble, expansive and progressive idea, to whose originality modern times have hitherto laid claim. Even the very slang of our streets, and the jests and puns which go the rounds of our modern press, can most of them be traced back to the pages of Greek or Roman literature. It is difficult indeed to find in our literature of to-day a thought or an idea which has not its parallel in the writings or sayings of some philosopher of old. However justly proud we may be, then, of the intellectuality of our present age — of our freedom of thought, speech and action, we may well hesitate to pass judgment upon our own progress and enlightenment as a whole, lest the future discoveries of science may upset our theories and change our conceit into humility.

Egbert Phelps.

NOT A DIVORCE.

"I DECLARE, if that man has n't gone off and left the gate open again; all the horses and cows in town 'll be in the yard before night!" and, dropping the mat she was shaking at the door, Hannah Bray went out to shut the gate.

It was heavy, and sagged on its hinges, and she was obliged to tug with all her might to set it in its proper position, while to raise it sufficiently to fasten the latch was impossible. She therefore propped it up with a stake and returned to the house.

"Was ever a woman so tried!" so-liloquized she as she thrashed the door-mat to and fro. "I've the greatest mind to go off to Chicago and get a divorce, and leave Christie to shirk for himself; he'd be in the poor-house in a month, and then perhaps he'd know how to prize me, the thriftless vagabond!"

Mrs. Bray's complaints were not entirely without foundation; for if her husband was not a vagabond, he certainly was thriftless, and that, to a woman of her temperament, was the worst that could be said of any man. But, on the other hand, she did not pause to consider how much this and other failings of her better-half were due to her own shortcomings.

So hard is it for poor mortals to hold the scales of justice even, especially when they themselves are concerned!

It was late when Mr. Bray returned home that night, tired and hungry, for he had been all day chopping in the woods, and had dined from a small tin pail which he carried in his hand.

"Wipe your feet—wipe your feet, man," was the first greeting he received as he opened the door. "What do you think the mat's there for?"

He obeyed meekly, and regarding his wife with his large brown eyes,

which had no other expression than one of simple good-nature, he perceived that a storm was brewing, or rather that it had been brewing for some time, and was now ready to burst forth. He deemed it prudent to ignore the discovery, however, and looked cheerful.

"Well, Hannah, how have things gone with you to-day?"

"None the better for you," answered she. "Good gracious, why do n't you put your hat in the water-pail and done with it!" for he had taken it off and laid it on top of the pump.

"O, I did n't mind," began he, apologetically.

"You never *do* mind; if I had a boy ten years old as heedless as you are, I'd—I'd—"

"What would you do?" asked Christie.

"Kill him!" said she, emphatically.

A low chuckle was Christie's only answer—the most exasperating one the great, good-natured fellow could have made.

"O, it's enough to discourage a saint, the way things go on!" said Hannah, taking the tea-pot from the stove and setting it on the table with an energy which would have endangered its existence had it been made of any material less fragile than tin.

"Why, what's wrong now?" asked her husband, drawing a chair to the table and beginning to fill his plate with the food placed before him.

"What's wrong? What is n't wrong? you'd better ask; everything on the place is at sixes and sevens. The chimney smokes so I can't hardly see out of my eyes, to begin with; and there's an awful leak in the roof—the garret was all afloat the last time it stormed; and to-day I was in the pantry stirring up a loaf of bread, and a great piece of

plastering came whack on to my head; it's a wonder it had n't killed me!"

"That was n't my fault, was it? I did n't know the plastering was loose," observed Christie.

"O, no; nothing ever *is* your fault—of course not," said she, sarcastically. "I s'pose 'tis n't your fault that the gate's off the hinges; though if I've told you of it once, I've told you forty times."

"That gate ought to be mended, that's a fact; I'll speak to a carpenter about it to-night," said Christie, meekly.

"So you always say, but you never do it. Of all the slack-twisted, procrastinating, provoking men that ever lived, you're the best," said Mrs. Bray, with a sudden transition from actual transgressions to general depravity.

Such, nine times out of ten, was Christie's reception when he came home from his daily toil; and so far, no doubt, your sympathies are with him; but now, mark! When he had finished his supper he rose from the table, took his hat and strode off as fast as his long legs could carry him—not to the carpenter's, but straight to the bar-room of the "Rising Sun": There, in front of a comfortable fire, surrounded by boon-companions, with a pipe in his mouth and a mug of flip at his right hand, he forgot the trials of a sagging gate and a shrewish woman's tongue. From the conversation which ensued, when, under the genial influences of the occasion, the company had grown happy and communicative, it would seem that he was not the only one who had come there to find a refuge from domestic unpleasantness.

"Is n't it a good thing, now," said Abram Wicks, "that when matters are kind o' out of j'int at home, a man can jist drop in here and find it all straight and comfortable? A health to the landlord, say I!"

The toast was drunk with enthusiasm.

"But, Abram," said Christie, setting his mug back on the table, "I never heard that you was a hen-pecked husband."

"Hen-pecked? Jupiter! no; I should like to see the woman that would hen-peck me! No, Jemmy's temper's well enough, but she's slack, Christie, awful slack."

"And do n't you have to wipe your feet when you come home o' nights?" asked Christie.

"Not unless I choose."

"Nor hang your hat on a particular peg?"

"Not I."

"Then, Abram, you're a happy man; you've no call to complain," returned Christie, earnestly.

"For my part, I think a man's lucky if he do n't get a vixen and a slattern both," growled a big man in the chimney corner.

"And for my part, I think a man's a fool to get married at all," piped a little man in the opposite corner.

"But, Christie," said Abram, "I've always heard tell that your wife was an uncommon tidy, economical woman."

"Economical? Gorry! I guess she is! She'd skin a flea and sell the pelt. And tidy—ah, there's where the trouble comes. She's wearing my life out with her particular ways. Did I ever tell you about the brass kettle?"

"Not 's I remember," said Abram.

"Let's hear," said several voices.

"Well, it is n't much of a story, but then it kind o' illustrates what I was saying," said Christie, refilling his mug with flip, and his pipe with fresh tobacco, while the rest followed his example, and settled themselves in an attitude of listening.

"You see, we'd bought a big brass kettle to make the apple-jack in—a second-hand one—trust my Hannah for that—cheaper you know—so of course the outside of it was a trifle black; but Hannah didn't seem to think anything of that at first, she was so tickled with the bargain she'd made. But one day she went to see Miss Hawkins, and came home all upset. Miss Hawkins had just bought a brand-new kettle that shone like gold. After that it was nothing but 'Miss Hawkins's ket-

tle, over and over; and 'She wished she'd paid more and got a new one.' At last, one night I was woke up by a kind of grating, rasping sound. I thought it might be rats in the cheese-safe, or a burglar filing the lock. 'Hannah,' says I 'Hannah, what's that?' and nudged at her with my elbow. She did n't answer, which surprised me, because in general a mouse could n't so much as peep in the wainscot but what she'd hear it. I put out my hand, and she was n't there. I started up in bed, scared enough, I tell you; and then I saw a light streaming under the kitchen door. Out I jumped and opened the door, and, if you'll believe me, there was that woman down on her knees scouring the outside of the brass kettle! That was the sound I'd heard.

"'Good gracious, Hannah! have you lost your senses?' says I.

"'Not's I know of,' says she; 'but I'm awful sick, Christie.'

"'Then for the land's sake what are you doing that for?' says I.

"'Cause, if I should die, and Sal Hawkins should come to my funeral, and go peekin' round as she always does, and get a sight of that kettle, I never should hear the last of it!'

"And, get that woman back to bed till the kettle was scoured, I could n't."

"But she did n't die?"

"No, she'd too much grit for that; I thought for certain she would, though; she got cold, and had an awful attack of quinsy—for she'd been ailing when she went to bed; but somehow she pulled through, and has been more and more set in her ways ever since. She's got so now that she washes the pigs' faces every morning."

Before the laugh which followed this remark died away, from a small room adjoining the bar, where for the last half-hour she had been closeted with the landlady, forth issued Hannah Bray herself. Grasping her husband by the shoulder, and pointing to the door, while every hair on her head bristled with indignation, "Christie

Bray," said she, "do you see that door? Well, the sooner you march out of it the better. As to the rest of these sots," glancing around with lowering brow, "I only wish I had the training of them for awhile!"

"God forbid!" ejaculated the big man in the corner.

"Amen!" responded the little man in the opposite corner.

And as the door closed upon Hannah and her unresisting husband, Abram Wicks raised his mug to his lips, saying, "Here's to the health of our landlord and the prosperity of the 'Rising Sun.'"

That Christie rendered so prompt obedience to his better-half must have been due less to the force of moral suasion than to his desire to avoid a scene; for not many days elapsed before he was back in his accustomed seat. At home, meanwhile, things went on much as usual; the gate continued unmended, and so did the temper of Mrs. Bray, who considered herself a very ill-used woman.

One morning as she stood at the sink washing the breakfast-dishes, she saw her husband lead the horse from the barn. Up flew the window:

"Christie! Christie Bray! what are you going to do with that horse?"

"O, I forgot to mention," said the deceitful Christie, "I'm going over to the Fair."

"Fair? What Fair?"

"The Agricultural Fair, over to Tobego."

"Not in the new wagon?" cried his wife, seeing him draw from the shed that vehicle, radiant in fresh paint and varnish.

"There's nothing else to go in, unless it's the wheel-barrow," said Christie; "the old one went for boot, you know."

"Well, now, you mark my words," said Hannah, with a nod of her head and a flirt of her dish-cloth, "just so sure as you go to Tobego in that wagon, you'll break it—you and your drunken cronies."

Christie, intent upon buckling a strap, made no answer.

"Do you know what 'll happen if you do?" asked she, solemnly.

"We shall have to get it mended, I s'pose," said he, jocularly, stepping into the wagon.

"I 'll go straight to Chicago and get a divorce! *that's* what 'll happen," said she.

But, instead of being annihilated by this tremendous threat, Christie drove out of the yard with his usual silent chuckle, and Hannah went about her work with anger simmering at her heart—anger not altogether causeless in this case, it must be admitted, for it was at her instigation that the wagon had been purchased. "There was no reason," she had said, "why she should n't make as good an appearance when she rode to meeting as Sal Hawkins." Moreover, she had paid nearly half the price with her own hoardings—money earned by the sale of butter and eggs—and now, before she had made her first triumphal progress, Christie had gone off on one of his senseless frolics with it; and if he ever brought it back, which was doubtful, "the new would all be worn off."

Truly it was hard—her whole matrimonial experience had been hard. The more she brooded over it the harder it seemed; and who should say that she owed any allegiance to one who had so persistently trampled upon her rights as a woman and a wife? Since he had broken *his* part of the marriage contract, why should she be bound by *hers*? So she reasoned. Still, as evening drew on, either from the force of habit, or from some other cause which lay so deep among the hidden springs of action that she herself could not discern it, she set about preparing her husband's supper. He did not come at the usual time; and after waiting an hour or two she cleared it away again. The tall clock in the corner struck ten—eleven—twelve.

"Well, I may as well fasten up and go to bed; like as not he won't come

till morning," said Hannah. But scarcely had she drawn the bolt and put up the heavy bar which secured the outside door, when she heard a footstep, and a hand was laid on the latch. "So you 've come at last!" cried she angrily, undoing the fastenings and opening the door with a jerk; but the vials of wrath which she had been storing up through so many wearisome hours, were destined to remain uncorked; for it was not her husband, but Abram Wicks, who stood on the step.

"I've got bad news for you, Mrs. Bray," said he; "there's been an accident."

"An accident?"

"'Twas out on Tobego turnpike; there was a great crowd there—there always is Fair-day, you know—and Christie was right in the midst of it—"

"I 'll warrant it—just like him," interjected Hannah.

"And some youngsters, a good deal the worse for liquor, came tearing along with a tandem-team and ran smack into him."

"And the new wagon was all smashed to pieces; I knew how 't would be; I told him so," said Hannah, wrathful but triumphant; "'Mark my words,' says I—"

"But there's something worse than that," said Abram.

"Worse?" repeated Hannah, who had thought of nothing but that her husband had feared to face her with the news of the broken wagon, and had sent his emissary to break it to her gently.

"Christie was thrown out and the wheels passed over him."

"But where is he—why does n't he come?"

"They're bringing him," said Abram, pointing toward the gate.

There was something in the expression, "They're bringing him," that struck an awful chill to Hannah's heart, and caused her to grasp the door-post for support.

Slowly and steadily, like those who bear the dead, came the four men with

their solemn burden. Without a word Hannah led the way to the bed-room, and they laid him on the bed.

By-and-by he opened his eyes and fixed them on his wife's face. Smiling faintly he murmured, "You won't need the divorce, Hannah."

"Oh, Christie!" was all her answer.

The surgeon came; he bent over his patient, then glancing at Hannah's pale face said, "You'd better leave the room."

"I shall stay by my husband," said she.

The surgeon did not urge the point, but proceeded to undress and examine the patient. A broken limb, a bruised body, a suspicion of internal injuries—that was the verdict. It was Hannah who held the sponge to her husband's lips through the long and terrible process which followed; and when all was done, and the surgeon asked, "Who will stay with him to-night?" she answered, "*I shall.*"

Half a dozen men and as many women, who had been assisting in the operation, or waiting in the kitchen to hear the result, immediately offered their services; but Hannah rejected them all with thanks, only consenting that Abram Wicks should sleep upstairs. So at last Hannah sat by the bedside alone, listening to the tick of the clock, and watching the flickering of that lamp of life which might at any moment be extinguished. Presently Christie's white lips moved; he seemed to be repeating something over and over. She bent her head to listen, and caught the words, "'Till death us do part—till death us do part.'"

Once in the night, going to the shed for wood, she saw her husband's axe lying by the block where he had carelessly thrown it. How often she had chided him for that very thing! It was only that morning he had used it. It was only that morning he had gone from her strong and full of health, and now he was lying stretched on that bed, weak, helpless, and perhaps dying. She sat down on the block, covered

her face with her apron and wept aloud. Hannah Bray was not a praying woman—was ignorant of most conventional forms of prayer—but now from her heart burst forth one earnest, agonized cry: "O God, spare my husband!"

When she returned to the bed-room Christie was sleeping quietly; and as she sat watching him through the long silent hours, she held a solemn reckoning with her soul. All her married life passed in review before her. There was a time when she had tried to please him in little things as well as in great—and he had been so easily pleased, poor fellow! She well remembered the first occasion on which she had spoken to him impatiently; it was in the early days of their marriage. He had brought home two plants—a tea-rose in full blossom and a slip of English ivy. "They'll make the room look so cheerful this winter," he said.

But she was fretted about her house-work, and answered shortly, "I hope you'll take care of them, then, for I've no time to waste about such things."

He looked at her in a surprised way, then turned and went out without a word. The plants died of neglect long before winter was over.

She remembered, also, that in those days he had liked to see her becomingly dressed, and that he particularly admired her hair, which, as it curled by nature, she had merely gathered into a band and allowed to flow loosely at the back of her head. But by-and-by, when her pretty wedding-outfit had become worn, she replaced it by garments of coarse material and awkward fashion; and when he remarked the change, she said: "For goodness' sake, who wants flounces and furbelows to switch 'round among the pots and kettles with?"

After many struggles she had contrived to screw her lovely hair into an unsightly knob, and skewered it with hair-pins. "Oh, Hannah, what's that for?" asked Christie.

"'Cause I don't want it dangling

over the victuals when I'm cooking; besides, it's too much trouble to roll it over a stick every day."

"You did n't use to think it was too much trouble. You know your hair was the first thing I fell in love with," said he, playfully.

"Well, if that was all you wanted you'd better have gone and married a barber's block with a wig on it," said Hannah; and she not only continued to wear it in the objectionable style, but got in a way of tying a handkerchief over her head "to keep the dust out," she said, and this she seldom removed till she exchanged it for a night-cap at bed-time. So she had gone on, renouncing all that was attractive in her person or her home, meeting his attempts at cheerfulness with sharp words and sour looks, giving herself up to work and money-getting as an end, not as a means, till at last things had reached their present state. And now Christie was going to die, and that would be the end.

It is remarkable that in these reflections Christie's short-comings had no place; and yet not remarkable, for I suppose that, in the final review of life, what the conduct of others has been to us will seem of little importance compared with what our conduct has been to them; and in the Day of Judgment it will be our own sins for which we must render account, not those of our neighbors. As to the divorce, which a few hours before Hannah had thought so desirable, it appeared to her now the merest absurdity. This man was her husband, and would be, though all the laws in the United States should affirm the contrary. God had ordained the tie between them, and He alone could annul it.

For days and weeks Christie's chances for life and death were evenly balanced; then the balance turned in favor of life, and the surgeon said it was his wife who had won him back from the grave. One day, after the long suspense was over, Hannah came down stairs, arrayed in a becoming

dress, with her hair hanging in ringlets at the back of her head. At the kitchen fire sat Miss Hawkins. What the two women said to each other is of no account; but this is what Miss Hawkins said to the baker's wife, on whom she made her next call:

"Well, I did n't think it of Hannah Bray; I snum I did n't. I knew she was a high-strung critter, but I did suppose she had human feelin's. There was that poor man all livin' alone, 'cept little Nance Ryan, that ain't bigger 'n a pint o' cider. She was setting by the bed, and Hannah nowhere to be seen. I should a' went in and sot by him myself, only he was asleep. So I tiptoes back into the kitchen and waits. Whilst I was waitin', I just took occasion to look into the pantry. There was the cat layin' right on the mouldin'-board. I prefer not to have cat's feathers mixed up in *my* bread; but, thinks I, it's none o' my business; so I let her be. Well, I kep' hearin' somebody steppin' round up stairs overhead, and the floor creakin', and the bureau-drawer opening; I could n't think what was going on, so, thinks I, I'll just step up and see. It seemed to be my duty to, you know—a neighbor so—but I had n't more 'n got started before I heard footsteps comin' down stairs. So I dropped into a chair, and in come Hannah Bray. Then I see what 'twas that had took her so long, for, as true 's you live, she had on her Sunday gownd, and her hair all hangin' down in curls, as if she was goin' to a ball, or, what's more likely, as if she was lookin' out for another husband before this one is out of the way. I declare I would n't a' believed it if I had n't a' seen it."

"Why, I heard Hannah'd been a real good nuss," said the baker's wife. "Abram Wicks said so."

"Abram Wicks! a good deal Abram Wicks knows about it!" said Miss Hawkins, tossing her head. "No, depend on it, that woman's lookin' forward to being left a widder. If I was her husband, I'd get well out o' spite,

and then be divorced the fust thing I did."

And Miss Hawkins's version of the matter was the one generally accepted among her neighbors. But the same occurrence may wear a different aspect when regarded from different points of view.

Having shut the door on Miss Hawkins, Hannah went to her husband's bedside, and seeing that he still slept, quietly despatched little Nancy Ryan to the kitchen, and took her place. By-and-by Christie awoke; he fixed his eyes on Hannah's face, and a smile illumined his wan features. "Why, Hannah," he said, "you look just as you used to in our courting days!"

"You have n't forgotten them?" returned Hannah.

"Not a bit of it; did you do it to please *me*, Hannah?"

"Of course I did; there's nobody else I want to please—not in comparison."

"What, when I've been such a bad husband to you?"

"You a bad husband? You never spoke a cross word to me in your life."

"May be not; but then I've done worse; I have n't kept things just straight about the premises, you know."

"And I've kept them *too* straight; so that makes us even."

Christie smiled, and lay silent a few moments; then he said: "I ought n't to have gone to the 'Rising Sun' so often."

"'T was I drove you there with my scolding tongue; but, Christie, I'm going to turn over a new leaf; I'll learn to rule my tongue, or I'll get you to gag me. O, drat the beast, he's been in my flour-barrel!" referring not to her husband, but to her cat, who just then came walking majestically into the room, his black coat well besprinkled with flour. As she uttered the exclamation, she darted toward him, I know not with what fell purpose, but Christie's hand was laid gently on hers, while his peculiar silent chuckle shook his frame.

"I s'pose the poor fellow thinks its the fashion to wear powder," said he.

For an instant Hannah hesitated. Then the angry flush died from her face, and Christie did what he had not done for many a long day before—drew her toward him and kissed her.

After that she quietly dusted the cat and washed the moulding-board, which she found had fortunately covered the flour-barrel, and prevented the catastrophe she had feared.

I do not say that henceforth and forever this couple were entirely free from the troubles which beset married life, or that their failings were overcome without a struggle; but I do affirm that they were, in the main, united and happy, and their love, instead of diminishing, increased as the years went on. The fiery ordeal through which they had passed had taught them the lesson of *mutual forbearance*, without which no two persons, whatever the relation they sustain to each other, can abide together in harmony, and which, duly exercised, would no doubt diminish the number of divorce cases which annually come before our courts by three-fourths.

"Little Jack Spratt

Could eat no fat,

His wife could eat no lean;"

Now, if Jack had beaten his wife because she presumed to differ from him on the subject of roast beef, or if she had refused to cook the dinner for the same reason, their domestic peace would have been destroyed, and in the end they would have sued for a divorce on the ground of incompatibility of temper. But how different, how much wiser the course they pursued, making allowances for each other's idiosyncrasies:

"Between them both

They cleared the cloth,

And licked the platter clean."

Thus have they come down to posterity, a model for all married couples.

Ruth Chesterfield.

THE NATURAL HISTORY OF SOCIETY.

IT is one of the golden sayings of Mr. Tylor's "Primitive Culture" that "If law is anywhere, it is everywhere." Of all men, those who believe Christianity to be true should be the last to doubt or deny that law governs the changes and growths of human institutions—that there is a science of Sociology. For Christianity is fable, unless it grounds upon the common active and receptive nature of man its one method of human reformation.

Those who believe that the career of man on the earth is capable of condensation and generalization into a scientific system, would state their case somewhat after the following order:

1. Man's work in the world is accomplished in society, in which the personal peculiarities of individuals are reduced by social necessities to a minimum.

2. Men are found to have likenesses to each other, produced by genetic derivation from common ancestry, by common modes of action, and by inherited institutions. These likenesses have long been the basis of metaphysics, ethics, æsthetics, and politics.

3. A progress is discoverable in the ideas, institutions and arts of the human family; and this progress follows an order, and is dependent upon causes which are discoverable, and are made use of more or less in all histories which are worth reading.

4. Man's work and life take form in institutions, or social habits, which can be studied, each by itself, through a very long period of time. Language, for example, is a social habit or institution, a large part of whose history has been written by linguistic students.

5. The earth is inhabited at this day by men in the three great stages of progress: savagery, barbarism, and civilization. It is believed that the civil-

ized men have come through the preceding stages. It is well known that they have come out of barbarism into civilization: for example, that our Anglo-Saxon ancestors were barbarians fifteen centuries ago. The only question at issue is whether such barbarians were ever savages. Answering this question in the affirmative, the Sociologist affirms that the greater part of the map of human society is open before him in the existing races of men, with their various degrees of culture.

6. It is not claimed by Sociologists that all primitive men were Modocs; the term "savage" indicates inexperience and ignorance, not brutality or beastliness. For aught we can now affirm, the primitive man may have been as innocent as Adam, and still have been a savage in the sense in which Sociology employs the term. In fact, brutality in savage men is held to be a result of experience, and to indicate a certain age.

7. The primitive man of Sociology is not the first man. Sociologists have hitherto regarded the origin of man and the very first stages of growth much as the best linguistic students regard the origin of language—as a question reserved for better lights.

8. To refuse to use our abundant materials and to employ the generalizations which they reveal, because we do not know the *origines* scientifically, would be as absurd as it would be in astronomers to consider the laws of planetary motion uncertain and non-scientific for lack of a history of planetary formation reaching back to the very first star dust.

These brief statements suggest two chief objections. The first is theoretical, the second historical. The theoretical doubt insists that free will must be set aside to make room for socio-

logical law. The answer affirms that as matter-of-fact the free will sets itself aside and saves us the trouble. For the sake of society, by imperious, unconscious social necessities, men will and act with and through their fellows, sinking out of sight, most often without effort, their personal choice.

No man is conscious, until he is a student or in a foreign land, of an effort to deny himself the right to speak just as he might personally prefer to speak. He unconsciously conforms to the usages of society, and takes pains to do so, and spends labor and money to learn the best usage. It is this unconscious *consensus* which makes social habits or institutions. Without it, there would be no society. When it fails in any institution, we know that a new institution has taken up the *consensus*, or that the particular society is dying. The theoretical objection appears by such facts to be a mere misconception; for we have been for a long time assuming and teaching that in society men do and must deny themselves liberty for the sake of something more valuable—the sympathy and coöperation of their fellows. The theoretical objection assumes a *range of action* for free will, wider than is claimed in any system of ethical philosophy. At this point sociologists seem to us to err by a needless appeal to one ethical theory,—that the motive governs the action of free will. This is not a sociological answer. Our answer is rather this: 1st. As matter of fact, men exercise their free will only within a limited range, the range being determined by their personal powers and environment. A Modoc does not will to study Greek; a barbarian does not will to found a college. 2d. As matter of Sociological observation, it is only what men will, as to customs and habits, or with their fellows (where it takes at least two and often many to produce a result), that is of any importance to human culture.

The historical objection is that it is not proved that the present civilized

racés were ever in the savage state. This objection does not destroy the foundation of sociological science; its main force is used up in taking away an extremely convenient means of sociological observation. Savage races exist; and if we were once savages, our own earlier history must, with modifications to be carefully observed, be set down in their present condition. If this map becomes indistinct after we enter the barbarian stage, other means of observation must be employed.

The evidence is perhaps not quite sufficient to establish the savagery of all races at some previous period of their history. It is, however, very abundant, and it increases with every year. The sociologist is in no great hurry about it; time is, he feels, on his side. Men need time to adjust themselves to new views of human history, and to get hold of the significance of the facts to which the new science points. For the present, if we are to affirm anything generally of the whole life of the civilized races, it must be that they have risen gradually from a very low state of culture, through savagery and barbarism to civilization. And as to the savages of to-day, it is most reasonable to affirm that they were never civilized, though they may have been better and wiser than they now are. These are backward steps in culture; but these are usually short in comparison with forward steps. There is such a thing as degradation; but it is not probable that any civilized race ever fell through barbarism to savagery. It seems probable that the feeblér culture is less tenacious of life than the higher; that is, a savage tribe are more likely to become more degraded than a civilized people are.

The facts of *survival* in culture are a valuable part of the evidence that civilized men were once savages. All savage customs which can be found existing, though modified in civilized life, raise a suspicion that the civilized custom is an heirloom from an unknown ancestor.

Astrology is about as respectable a superstition as one could point to without hurting any one's prejudices. It cut a great figure in the early stages of our civilization, and lived long enough to have part of its history in New England.

Now, astrology is a vigorous, savage institution. The Maoris of New Zealand say, when a siege is going on, if Venus appears near the moon, the two are enemy and fort. If Venus is above, the foe will win; if below, the natives will drive off the invader. This is a case of inferring from the relative positions of planets the fortunes of men.

The survival in our times is at once ludicrous and unsatisfactory to our race pride. Our almanacs still contain the astrologer's signs; and our physicians head their prescriptions with one which stands for Jupiter. It is affirmed that in some districts in Germany the child's horoscope and certificate of baptism are kept in the same chest. In fact, astrologists still flourish in England, and advertise in the daily papers of our cities. But the most vigorous form of the faith in astrological science is the belief that the weather changes at or near the quarters of the month. As there are only seven days in a quarter, the superstition is pretty well intrenched.

There are numbers of intelligent gentlemen in Chicago who wear potato amulets to keep off rheumatism. It is a healthy (if not health-keeping) superstition, which connects the lowest savages with representatives of the best civilization. It is only the potato which is in any sense new—and that is probably very old. A curious piece of coincidence may be traced in the belief that if one has latent rheumatism, the potato will shrivel and dry up; if he is free from this evil of the bones, the potato will rot. The belief that "there is something in it" is kept up by counting only the hits, and omitting all the misses. And as for the drying or rotting, latent rheumatism is unknown, and leaves one quite free to be pleased or

miserable, according to the behavior of his amulet. Now, it is one of the commonest characteristics of charms or amulets to undergo some change to indicate the fortunes of the wearers. But it is seldom that a savage makes use of so complacent a material as a vegetable, which may decay in two ways, according to environment.

These instances are given to show what is meant by survival. To satisfy the sociological demand there must be several independent instances in each case, and there must be common elements that have not been borrowed by savages from civilized men, nor by the latter from the former. The amount of evidence that seems unimpeachable is amazing. The *couvade* of Southern France is traced in several distinct savage tribes widely distant. It is a custom of nursing, as if sick, the father instead of the mother at the birth of a child. Twenty years ago I made acquaintance with this superstition, slightly modified, in Northern Illinois. The persons concerned were very intelligent people of pure American blood. Their sons, to whom, during the gestation period of their existence, the father imputed his maladies, are well-known citizens of this State. I have some reason to believe that the superstition is far from rare at the present date.

Superstitions connected with sneezing run the whole length of human history, from savagery up to modern civilization. When a Zulu sneezes he says, "Now I am blessed." A modern Italian, in whose presence one happens to sneeze, exclaims, "Happiness!" The custom prevails from peasants up to—college professors. The collected literature of sneezing would make many volumes.

I learned in my boyhood various superstitions about paring the nails. Most of my readers know some of them. One which forbids cutting a child's nails before a certain age, was alive and well when my youngest child was born. Now, the whole group of nail-paring saws is of savage origin.

They were connected with the theory of malevolent spirits and witchcraft. It was believed that if the evil being or person could obtain any part of one's body he could do the whole body mortal mischief. Australians and Polyynesians bury their nail-parings to defeat the foe. The child, especially beloved and helpless, must be saved from evil spirits by taking care that no bit of nail shall fall into their power. The time during which care must be taken came to be limited by baptism. The German peasant will not cut his child's nails until the consecrating rite has been performed.

Mr. Tylor says that half the stable doors in England attest by the horse-shoes nailed upon them the vitality of the belief that iron will keep off evil spirits. The supposition is as old as the use of iron.

A natural history of human society would deal mainly with those institutions which present human experience and work in vast aggregations, accumulated for the student by survivals and authentic historians. Law and Government—or speaking generally—Politics, Language, Marriage, and Religion, are among the most important of these great bundles of social habits, showing long and slow development. In all branches of knowledge, theories come before observation; and they are usually put aside only by some painful effort. Compté's three stages of culture, like Vico's three stages of government, have much hindered observation by their essentially metaphysical genesis and scope; and later observers

have perhaps been too anxious to announce final conclusions. It would be strange if such errors and overreachings did not accompany the growth of a new system of knowledge. But in spite of such errors, the study of the facts goes on rapidly, and much work done with a more modest aim, is found to fit exactly in the sociological arch. Maine's *Ancient Law*, and Grimm's linguistic writings are examples of the last statement; and almost every missionary report or sketch of travel adds to our accumulations of sociological phenomena.

The prehistoric studies and their results are also to be taken into account by sociology. These results have usually been attained under disabilities which render us cautious in their use; and pardonable enthusiasms have somewhat overestimated the value of what can be known of man in prehistoric times. Perhaps the prehistoric researches can establish nothing of their own sole force; but when they harmonize with the evidence of survival, travel and history, they at least lengthen the chain of observation.

Nearly every other branch of study assists in the study of human development, to which, indeed, all other sciences point and tend; and it is highly probable that the more precise expression of the doctrine of evolution, which is still to seek, may be found, through the comprehensive survey of the phenomena of existence required to complete the natural history of society.

D. H. Wheeler.

SALUTING THE GODS.

I.

THE path from the bridge below the Water-cure, on into the wood, was easy and clean; but Miss Eldred trod aside from it, and fair flowers crushed under her languid feet; "Flowers without fragrance and without fruit," she said, with a sort of contemptuous pleasure in the rich carnage. The echo of gay laughter followed her.

"Will I never cease to hear them?" she said, with irritation, drawing her shawl, heavy with the labor of Eastern looms, over her slightly misshapen shoulders. Pausing at a little pool that lay like a pellucid mirror in its rustic framework, she caught a glimpse of her fallow face and weird black eyes. She saw, too, the gleam of "barbaric pearls" about her neck, and the rich drapery that flooded her; for Miss Eldred's love of splendor was almost a passion, and she clad herself in purple, even for a walk in the forest.

"Misshapen in body and mind," she said to herself with a candor that was one of her attributes; "and does *he* know it, that he is so laggard? I am wearied by the frivolous life up at the house. Had I not written that I should be here a month longer, I should flee back to the city in disgust. I want a sensation of some sort. My life has been one long stagnation. The grandeur of the wood makes my nature seem even more shallow, and my life more a lie;" and she hurried on.

Essy Eldred wronged herself when she called her nature shallow. It was deep, with the depth of a passion of suffering—a suffering that had been hers from childhood, and from which she could not flee. Fabrics of lustrous beauty, sparkle of gems, flattering menials, could not heal her wounded vanity, or soothe her morbid temperament.

Loving beauty with an intense love,

there were hours when she so fought with her fate that she made her heart a dwelling-place for all unclean things—envy, malice, unacted murder. The mood was on her now. It had driven her from her companions into the wild wood, and standing thus in the solitude of nature, she was passing through an unwritten tragedy, the passion of which might have created a Siddons.

"Madam, your pretty dress! See, it is caught and tearing."

Miss Eldred started and turned sharp around. Seated upon a fallen tree was a young girl in simple dress, lifting a face to her in its blushing immaturity, like a sweet tale half told. Shafts of sunlight fell upon her and tangled themselves in her hair. In her hand she held card-board and pencil.

"Who taught you to draw, child?" asked Miss Eldred, with her usual impulsive waywardness, as she unloosed the torn skirt.

The girl smiled. "I hardly know. Hugh, I think, gave me some idea of perspective. I took up the rest myself."

"And very nicely done it is, too. But who is Hugh?"

"Hugh is my brother."

"Have you parents?"

"None. Hugh has been father, mother, brother and sister to me ever since I was an infant. Our father was drowned at sea; and when my mother—his stepmother—died, Hugh gave up his seafaring life to care for me. We live for each other."

It was a quickly told biography; but some way this trusting, sweet face, with its pretty play of expression, had charms even for Essy Eldred. A wild flower, star-of-day, "without fragrance and without fruit," and she was fain to caress it; to touch with her diamonded finger the soft bloom of the cheek, with its one deep-set dimple; to thread out the tangled curls, and even to lay

her hands upon the bared shoulder. An hour they sat together, absorbed in drawing-lessons and each other; then Essy Eldred went home with the market-gardener's sister; and "the gods themselves," says Pindar, "cannot annihilate the action that is done!"

They walked up a long ascent, and emerged from the shadow of the wood, a good mile from the Water-cure. Through a rustic gate Miss Eldred followed her guide, and on into a walk arboresced by Norway spruce, the rare, crimson, budded kind; and looking beyond the walk she saw fuschias nodding, and scarlet salvias pluming, and calla-lilies with pale, prudish faces lifted up; and still beyond, a world of tempting fruit, with the afternoon sun lighting it all. But suddenly, out from the gloom of the trees and the bloom of the flowers, she came upon a tiny house, with white walls and green-blinded windows. Under a vine-trailed lattice sat a man, with deft hand, weaving a willow-basket and humming a strange old ballad. Heavy masses of brown hair covered his bowed head, and his unclipped beard touched his breast.

Miss Eldred shrank from an encounter with this rustic, and half repented the freak that had led her hither. She could not see his face, but she did see Marjory's eyes grow radiant as they settled upon him, and she wondered how so delicate a blossom could be aught of kin to this boorish athlete in his coarse garments.

"Ah, little sister, back so soon! You see my baskets are not done, and the sun is—" Raising his head with a smile for Marjory, he caught a gleam from the silken robe. A dart went quivering from the lady's snowy lace and pale pearl straight to his heart, and with the ingenuousness of an untrammelled nature, his wide-open eyes and radiant face threw back an honest, wondering admiration, with an undercurrent of pity for her misshape that proved a cup of heavenly balm to her soul.

He rose quickly to his feet, with a questioning glance at Marjory; and this haughty woman, who had dwelt in crowds all of her life, found herself blushing, with downcast eyes, and yet with a vivid consciousness that there stood before her no Apollo of the Palace Vatican, but an athlete, with a quick, unconscious grace in his motion, and with such a face of power and uncultured beauty as she had never seen but in dreams; and withal that his warm brown eye was looking at *her*, and his bronzed face crimsoning and fading for *her* presence.

She had read George Sand, and she thought with a quick heart-beat of Consuelo's vagabond lover; of Teverino, with his wonderful lealty and love so strangely blended with his perfidy and passion. And then this admiration! Never in her life had a man, young and handsome, cast a look of love or tender interest upon her. Gentlemen in her own society were attentive and kind—kind with the veiled compassion that has a place in every true man's heart for suffering or deformity. When she had met rudeness or neglect it had been from sources that never wounded her. But here was admiration.

Marjory went through the form of an introduction as though the two had not known each other since time was!

"Sit down, Miss Eldred; and, Marjory dear, gather some flowers and fruit for the lady."

It was a strong, clear voice that spoke, with a sylvan ring in it, such as one hears echoed in woods; a voice that came from lungs that had grown strong from the oxygen that sweeps over fresh fields upon dewy mornings; perhaps the undertone of gentleness came from the perfume of flowers and songs of birds that mingled with it. Miss Eldred liked the voice, with its absence of effete elegance; but she declined the chair, and, unmindful of her rich robes, seated herself upon the stone steps, almost at Hugh's feet.

While Marjory gathered a bouquet,

a little embarrassed silence fell between the two. Hugh went on weaving his basket with steady hand. The soft perfume from her hair came to him, like argosies laden with unmerchanted freight of memories richer to him than all the treasure which Jason sought. Building his basket, he went back out of his present life to his early youth.

It all happened to him in one of those purposeless and vagabond wanderings of his; those travels without fruit of culture that had once been his delight. It was in the south of France, he hardly now remembered where, that he came out from the vineyard where he had slept; it was just at dawn, and before him was a worn way-side cross, and beside the cross knelt a pilgrim in black serge, lifting the hands to heaven in a dumb and passionate prayer. He stopped, awed by the mute signs of suffering in the figure, and standing close beside it, there was wafted up to him from out the coarse robe the breath of violet and heliotrope, and he caught a sheen of white silken garment; and lifting the appealing hands higher, the serge fell back from an arm of marble, clasped with pearls and gold; and bending, he saw what to his boyish fancy seemed the face of an angel, with eyes like night, but full of a great earthly suffering and despair.

The perfume and the beauty of the woman enthralled him. He saw that she was faint from fasting or weariness; that dust clung to her black robe, and that her hair was disordered and clinging to her pale, damp brow. He stooped and touched her shoulder. She started to her feet, and her eyes took a scared, hunted look; but seeing the boyish and foreign face, she said in her pretty tongue, which he imperfectly understood: "I danced in my father's castle all the night. This morning I came here to pray." Here she broke out sobbing and wailing. "See, gentle stranger, I faint with weariness! Take me in your arms and carry me home

before my maids awake and miss me." Then, with a shudder and a moan: "Oh, I have sinned, but I have been sinned against most cruelly. Holy Virgin, plead for me!" The boy gathered her in his strong arms, with the perfume penetrating every sense; she, trusting as an infant, lay upon his heart. When the sun arose he set her in her father's garden, poor ruined flower—daughter of Lebanon—and went away, and never saw her more.

Before dawn that morning a handsome and profligate nobleman had been stilettoed in his room, a half league from the wayside cross. The deed could not be traced. Hugh read this two days after. The tragedy had no mystery for him. But it took no part from his tender pity of that crushed flower; and through all these years the scent of the heliotrope and the glisten of pearls had slept in his heart, but had not died.

For a moment now he saw the bloom of the grape, the blood of the vintage; and he was standing at the foot of the rude cross, and it seemed to him that this woman sitting at his feet would cry up to him with tender, sweet lips, for help. This strong, rugged breast *had* ached, and would ache again, with a heart.

Miss Eldred sat watching the bees humming over the sweet peas, waging their mimic warfare for the nectar hidden so closely under the pink and white wraps—watching the bees and the flowers, but thinking of her companion. She longed to speak to him; but the bagatelle of worldly nonsense that passed current in her set seemed hardly the things to address to this man. She felt in the eternal fitness of things that those grave lips could talk to her of Haydn and Mozart and Beethoven, even if he had never heard the tripping, tantalizing waltzes of Strauss, or agonized over the German. She tried him with a mild little problem:

"I think, sir, that you and Marjory must live a truly Arcadian life."

Alas for Teverino, who could quote Rabelais and talk understandingly of the great masters! Hugh stopped his work and glanced at her with an embarrassed smile, quite guiltless of any knowledge of the geographical divisions of Peloponnesus.

"We lead a very happy life; though I think sometimes that it is a narrow and a selfish one."

"A metaphysician at least," Essy thought, not disenchanted.

Now if Essy Eldred and Hugh Prescott had dwelt together in Arcadia, she would have breathed, unquestioning, the pure air and the ignorance. But he could have taught her the flora and fauna of the whole region, as well as its capabilities and its economics, if Arcadia is supposed to possess anything so realistic. He could not talk to her of Mozart; perhaps in his profound ignorance he did not understand the difference between *mezzo-forte* and *pianissimo*; but he sang with a strong mellow voice that was like a blessing. His singing was the very "wings of his soul." He could have described and imitated the song of every bird in Arcadia. Even now a yellow canary, swinging in its cage over his head, struck out, free from bird-notes, a wild, sweet "Rory O'More" that he in his leisure moments had taught it. Ah, here was something to talk of! She asked him questions, and he answered them with quick intelligence; giving her his course of instructions, and dwelling upon the pure bird-wit of the pupil.

Marjory was in the garden, and these two quite absorbed in their conversation, when a carriage came leisurely driving down the highway and drew up in front of the house. A gentleman, indolently reclining upon the back-seat with a paper in his hand, slightly lifted his hat and hailed Hugh with, "My good man, can you direct me the best route to the Water Cure?" Now Hugh all this time, if he had not been gentle, had at least been far from rough. But the gentleman's patronizing tones grated upon his senses, which for a few

moments had been so exalted, and he answered with almost boorish abruptness: "My friend, just travel straight ahead of you through that wood, and you'll reach the place in ten minutes."

The gentleman saw his mistake, and, with gentlemanly forbearance, atoned for it with a polite "Thank you, sir."

Hugh, glancing down at Miss Eldred, was startled at her hard-set lips and the cold look of her eyes; and he vaguely wondered if this was the way that she met people out in the world, and if her flushes and *naïve* questions and quick, glad smiles were for him and Marjory alone; and in his reverent heart he thanked God, in whom he had unquestioning faith, that He had sent him this suffering and stately woman to be pitied and adored.

The stranger, as he was about to drive on, caught a full view of Marjory's brown, bright eyes and face of Hygeia. "Ah," he said, "I see you have fruit and flowers to sell. Will you gather me a bouquet, and give me a basket of cherries?"

He alighted from the carriage, came down the arbores path, and followed Marjory into the fruit-garden. He passed close by Essy and Hugh, glancing indifferently at both. A man of the world, with bold, handsome eyes, admiring Marjory's loveliness; bold eyes, but from no inherent badness, only grown daring from his own conscious strength and years of triumphant success over the pitfalls of life. A man, too, capable of dying for a principle, if need be—yet much preferring to live on into happy old age.

Essy looked up at Hugh, wondering how he would receive this open admiration of his sister. But Hugh was purer than the woman beside him—as pure as the young girl who walked in the shadow of the trees, in the light of the flowers and heavenly eye-beams. No thought of ill entered his mind, and he only smiled and said, "Let little Sis care for the man; I'll talk with you, Miss Eldred."

And with bonny Marjory's laughter in her ear, and the stranger's clear tones smiting her, and Hugh's breath fanning her hair, Essy Eldred lived once again one of her tragedies—deep and dark with unutterable jealousies, and ruined plans, "like spoilt music with no perfect word." For this man, passing her by with his bouquet and his fruit, and riding down under the frolic sunbeams into the depth of arched maple and oak, still looking back and waving adieux to blush-crowned Marjory—this man, be he handsome as Apollo or as ugly as Caliban, is Essy Eldred's betrothed, and has come a-wooing.

II.

Two hours later, and two gentlemen were playing billiards at the Water-Cure. Twilight was coming on, and the soft breeze lifted the curtain from the window and bore in the laughter of the croquet players. It was quiet enough in the billiard-room; the click of the balls and a low-spoken word were the only sounds. August Reed was one of the players. He had changed his travel-soiled garments for an elegant evening suit, and the red brown of his beard fell upon snowy linen and diamonds. He loved luxury, and having his future so well cared for—a rich wife chosen for him by a dying father—he indulged the love. At length he said something to his opponent, to which answer came, "What, Reed, caught at last—you, the 'slayer of St. Ursula and her eleven thousand virgins!'"

"Pooh, you talk nonsense, Ralph. You give me a cheap and bad reputation, and not mine by right. But I supposed everyone knew of my engagement. It has held ever since my father's death, when I was in Germany at school."

"And who is this Siren of Caprea who has enticed your soul away? This accounts for your being such a cosmopolite. I wonder I did not hear of it in Paris."

"You run all wrong; I'll set you right after a little. You hitch names

to me that I disown. I do n't fancy the modern cosmopolite. I have studied to become a cosmopolitan in the broad sense that the cynic Diogenes gave the word. But the lady of whom I spoke is a summer boarder at this place."

"Here? Great Jove! I may have been making love to her myself this season. I'm quite sure I have to all the pretty and marriageable girls."

"You are frank, at least!"

"Yes; here's my breast—strike! Let's see, we have five unmarried ladies. Bessie Clay? No; she's never been to Europe; and you've never been home before since you went away to school. Kate Leband? Pshaw! she's beautiful as a dream, but—spare my blushes—she told your humble servant a month ago that she would make him the happiest man alive. Ellen and Mary Sturgis—neither ever been out of their native State. Well, you cap me, man; I can't guess."

"You said there were five. Who is the other?"

"Oh, there's Essy Eldred, but of course—," Ralph paused with his cue half chalked, for his sharp eye had caught the flush that went flitting over the brow of his opponent.

"Why 'of course?'" asked Reed, as the end of his cue clanged on the floor. The silence that followed was embarrassing enough. A little pang of unreasoning jealousy shot through August's heart, as he thought, "Surely this young fellow has been making love to her."

"Now I think of it, I remember having heard that Miss Eldred was engaged. But I did not dream you were the man, Reed."

"No apologies are necessary, sir." August said this coolly.

"Oh, but I've never made love to her."

"Your stories do not hang together."

"No, perhaps not. But the fact is, you see, she's not—well, I never—that is, she has n't been with us very much. She's quite delicate, I believe;" and

Ralph took an awkward aim, and missed a carom that he sighted for.

August Reed was no coxcomb, and he had no wish to discuss the merits or demerits of this honored lady with any man. But was she really an invalid? He had a well-founded theory of his own that no person, unless he suffers from some special visitation of Providence, or bears an inherited burden, need be anything but perfectly healthy. Like many persons with constitutions of steel and wrought iron, he connected bodily weakness with transgressions of the laws of nature—almost with sin.

"I never took to women who had as many points as there are in a case of surgical instruments!" he said now, to himself; and for the first time the shadow of a great dread passed over his young, strong soul, and there came before him the face—above all the faces he had ever seen—which two hours before he had left in the flower-garden beyond the wood: star-eyed, beautiful, with her lovely curves and gracious little airs, "something near God's archetype, that Eden's woman and the serpent defaced in a day," he said. "At eighteen, Raphael might rise from his three-century old grave to paint her, for he alone could do her justice!"

Then he said aloud, as he resumed his game: "There's no use to leave you in the dark about this matter, Ralph. The fact is I've never seen the lady in question. It was a matter fixed up between her father and mine, shortly before my father died, with papers and lawyers, and legal forms—*how* legal I've never inquired, for I've been content to follow my dead father's wish, expressed to me by a letter from his dying hand. You must remember that Eldred and my father went into some gigantic but to me dim speculation, from which Eldred 'dropped off gored,' and my father came out 'fleeced and drained.' Well, it was a sort of conscience arrangement of Eldred's that I was to marry Essy and be his heir. He died three years ago. I knew nothing of

the affair until after my father's death. I left school then, young as I was, and—well, you know Ralph, something of my success in financial affairs."

"But have you never exchanged pictures?"

"She has a dozen of mine, I believe. I have never had one of her. I scarcely regret it, as I shall get first impressions in all their freshness. My father wrote that he had seen her once or twice—a shy, haughty little girl, he said, with beautiful eyes."

Miss Eldred did not come in till nearly nightfall. She had wandered farther than was her custom, and had been escorted back to the Water-Cure by a market-gardener and his young sister, who lived across the wood. An athletic young fellow, this gardener, and quite a genius in his way. The proprietor said next morning at table, in Reed's hearing, "I encountered him just below the lawn, and he really gave me some invaluable suggestions about the new grounds that I am disposed to add to my establishment."

August Reed did not meet Miss Eldred till the lamps were lit and the parlors decorated for the evening dance. He sent his card to her, after she came, but she was dressing. An hour passed. A servant told him she awaited him. He was coming in from the balcony through a casement, a little blinded by the glare of the lamps, when he saw her standing before him. Hair elaborately coiffured, with little curls upon her forehead, besprinkled with diamond powder; cheeks just touched with rouge; a rose-colored, undefined, unoutlined cloud of drapery, picked out with rare pink buds and fine lace;—some way he could make nothing of her, form or face. There was something dazzling in her black eyes and white teeth; there was something cold and spiritless in her return for his gallant greeting, and a restraint, never anticipated when reading her trusting letters, seemed to hang like a pall over him. The dancers were coming in.

"Will you dance, Essy?" he asked,

trusting that this, at least, would rouse her from her statue-like *pose*.

"I never dance round dances. I will walk a quadrille with you."

Now August Reed had a certain contempt for prudishness. But he had no wish to be fastidious; for with no trashy, unhealthy sentiment, he remembered his father with affection, and was proud to follow his counsel.

They took their places for a quadrille, and while the music was waiting, and she was introducing him to a few friends, he saw — only half — that she was pale, thin and morbid. Ere the quadrille was finished he saw all, and a world of compassion filled his strong man's heart, drowning out all pity for himself, all thought of wrong to himself, if wrong had been done him.

But at midnight August Reed was pacing his floor, and in that quiet starlit room a battle was fought. Principle — cold-blooded, classical Wellington — pitted against Passion — impetuous, fiery France: a Waterloo with all its assaults and repulses; its brave Blucher at the nick of time, and its tardy Grouchy; the sunken road filled full fathom-deep with fair, dying dreams; its forlorn hopes, its last triumphant fire on these; and then the Titan victory! Yes, he *was* a man who would suffer death for the Right, and claim no crown of martyrdom. But of such victories are the Atlantes that prop up the blue dome of heaven!

And Miss Eldred sat at midnight at her open window, honoring, surely honoring — she would be less than human did she do less than this — the man who had been so tenderly kind to her the evening long. The doctors, false prophets of recovery, take the sin of wronging him, not she.

But suddenly across the wan, solemn night air, over the forest that grew in the hollow, there came the notes of a plaintive *adagio* on a flute; clear, beautiful; fathered by Handel or by whom, she knew not, but she did know whose lips breathed out that melody, and she went to her slumber conscious that one

in the wide world waked for thinking of her!

"I'll telegraph when I reach Berlin, Essy. Write soon to me. Your letters have always been a joy to me. Our marriage is very near now — only months. I'll try and be a better man than I've been before. But, dear, I would — like to say that the arrangements that your father made about your property must never be consummated. It would be wrong. I'm quite rich myself now. Good-by, dear."

This was the parting, after a week of Platonic companionship.

III.

Lo! the summer fields are gone — fled with their billowy bloom, their racing cloud-shadows, their divine morning dew, their piping fauns and blushing fairies. And winter, fixed and white, lies upon the great city. The churches are garlanded, and the Christmas chimes have been rung. The New Year has been greeted with glad voice; and August Reed is plowing the deep. A rough and slow voyage he has had, and those who have watched for him have wearied and murmured. One heart has mourned.

But he comes at last, and that stranger's refuge, a palace hotel, receives him. The world is all grown cold. No *estafette* waits to summon him to the Court of Love. But August Reed is no "moon's man." The skies may change, and the seasons — but not he. The battle with him is never to be fought twice; the victory once his — always his. He gets no greeting, and he expects none. He has closed his business and cut himself loose from every tie in the Old World, and is to begin a new life here. His marriage is so near that he fancies at times that he hears the sobbing of the wedding-bells in his ears.

Shall he pause and rest? Yes; just a day between his old life and his new. No frenzy of passionate longing hurries him to meet his bride and lay at her

feet his royal presents. Let the world stand still or move on. One day given to sleep and to dreams! He is twenty good miles from the Water-Cure, yet he sleeps; and in his sleep he dreams of white rose-buds and green leaves, of blooming, luscious fruit and sweet-lipped Hebe. Gods! why has that simple girl-face so haunted him? Is he to be blamed that he cannot control his dreams?

"I will dress and go to Essy. There must be something good and kind in her. God never will quite bankrupt my life. I'll go and see her."

What bride could ask for a more pathetic and trusting epithalamium? Never once, with all his contending emotions, has he said, "There is a balm in Gilead. I will go and see Marjory. I will burn this coldness with a sensation." Her innocence is a defence as powerful as the Ægis of Minerva. The few times that he in his infatuation saw her the summer before, left the wounds, as he thought, all on his side.

"My son, whom I have wronged by my recklessness, and for whom I suffer, this marriage will restore you to your own. You, with your lack of business taste and tact, will find it a pleasant resting-place. I think Christ, wifeless Son of Man that he was, smiles upon early marriages. They are the purifiers of this day and generation!"

He placed the worn letter in the casket and put it back in the trunk. Then he dressed himself for his visit. But he paused upon the steps and listened to the jangle of the sleigh-bells, and the gay Broadway scene had all the zest of a novelty. There was a flock of equipages, and he watched the expert drivers extricate themselves. One sleigh attracted his gaze and fixed it. Miss Eldred, clad in furs and velvet, brightened by rose ribbons, sat in it. Beside her was a lady with floating curls, but her veil down, leaving a vague impression of youth and dimpling smiles. Standing in front, holding the reins of the prancing steeds in one powerful

hand, stood a gentleman, grand like a king; and, by all August Reed's good sight that never deceived him, the Market Gardener of Eden, transformed by tailor-craft and good sense to a city gentleman, and *not* to a Joe Gargery in his Sunday suit.

August Reed dropped his head, laughed a low, half bitter laugh, went back to his room and dined alone. In the evening he essayed once more. Did fate mean that he should first see Miss Eldred with all the attractions of her lares and her penates about her? A commonplace servant becomes, for the time being, the Brahma or the Siva of our destinies. This man led August Reed into a room whence he saw the picture, tableau-like, framed by crimson curtains looped back from a lofty arch. The scene was all winter brightness and warmth of glowing grate and clear-burning gas. He was in no dreamy mood, and his eye took it all quickly in.

Near a table in *alto-relievo* against a warm-tinted window-curtain, sat a young girl with head bent upon her hand, and veiled with curls, intent upon a book. Near the arch, sat Miss Eldred in an arm chair, with delicate fingers netting a snowy tidy. Her shadowy face had lost its marks of suffering, and there was something not unpleasant in the softened light of her eyes. Bending over her chair, with an easy grace that was charming in its utter forgetfulness of self, was Hugh Prescott, drinking in with eager ears her low tones — words didactic, Reed thought, judging from the grave emphasis of each.

Well, it was a pretty scene; but August felt a little satanic inclination to leave the print of his cloven foot in the idyllic smoothness of this bit of Eden. But he forbore, seated himself in a corner, frowning at his fate, in the shape of the servant, and sent in his card.

There was a little bustle of rising and withdrawing, then Miss Eldred advanced through the arch to meet him. He had never expected to be

greeted like the Crown Prince, with salvos, or like the Prodigal Son; and he felt no disappointment. Blessed be he who expects little! There were the usual hand-shakes, inquiries for his health, and wonders over his delay.

"We had a pleasant little amateur opera ready for your arrival two weeks ago. We postponed it twice, and then submitted to circumstances and received our friends without you—something like the play of Hamlet with Hamlet left out."

The conversation ebbed and flowed, then drifted slowly on into the subject that enthralled them both. "Did I write you, August, that I have a new conservatory added to my house, and my grounds all newly designed and laid out? They will be lovely when finished."

"Did you write me, Essy, that you had met the gods and profoundly saluted them? Did you write me, Essy, that your garden paths were the walks of satyrs, who have left their reedy pipes and wanton dances in the wood, and donned tailor's clothes and shiny hats like mine, only gigantesque? Did you write me that your conservatory had to be built as lofty as a temple, to make room for one of 'mighty bone and bold emprise,' who haunted it? No, you did not write me. You left me to find it all out for myself."

"Did I not? Then blame me as I deserve. I do not write as readily as I talk."

"But you should remember, Essy, that I made your acquaintance through your letters." Was there an undertone of bitterness in this that angered her?

"Yes; and with all honor to our parents, it were much better never made."

"Do you think so, Essy? Did I anger you by my railery? God knows I have been as tenderly true to you as you could desire. If I hurt you, forgive me; I am not jealous."

"No, you are only piqued. Were you capable of jealousy as regards me there might be some hope of happiness in our union."

"Essy, Essy, you will be sorry for this in an hour."

"You are truly decorous, August. You do not give way to sudden joy at the prospects of release."

"Essy, there is but one way to account for this. You love that man. Do you not?"

"August, if I should say to you that you love some woman—and heaven knows you may, you are not sincere enough to confess it—with your false, feigning lips you would still say pretty things to me."

And this was the reward for battles fought and victories won!

"Essy, you *cannot* do this thing. Drop me if you like; tear yourself from me—but you must not marry a being so inferior in mind to yourself. I have still a sort of guardianship over you. There are people who have defied the laws of the world—laws quite as arbitrary as those made by our legislators—and married beneath them. But it cannot be done with impunity. The precedents are not tempting ones to follow."

"The precedents, perhaps, you think are all reversed from this case. Let's see: there was Cophetua and his beggar-maid; and then the 'brown Lithuanian house-maid' who came to be autocrat of all the Russias. Well, even these are not pleasant things to dwell upon."

"Essy, you talk foolishly, and I shall leave you till you are in a better humor."

"Well, come to-morrow night. But one question before you go. Have n't I a right to employ whatever landscape gardener pleases me?"

"Certainly."

"One more, please. Have n't I right to employ for my companion his sister?"

"His sister!"

"Oh, other people make grand salaams to *incognito* gods as well as Miss Eldred!"

The next evening Reed went to Miss

Eldred's house. It was late, and a little informal but exceedingly select circle of friends were gathered in her handsome parlors. As he entered, Essy was at the piano, and a chorus of music was filling the rooms and overflowing—a selection from some grand oratorio; and above all the voices he distinguished the mellow and powerful bass of Hugh Prescott, so well sustained and so faultless in culture that even he, connoisseur that he was, was satisfied.

There was no one to receive him, and August felt lonely and neglected for the first time in his life. Was it a bird coming toward him with tiny outstretched wing, and glad little chirps, and pretty words of welcome? No; for these learned men about him were no ornithologists; and yet they watched with rare admiration every motion of this creature—the curved and parted lips, the glad light of her eyes. He, too, noted with wonder the easy sweep of her train, the clustered curls, the graceful sway of her fan, and her white ungloved hands.

"Essy Eldred has done one noble thing in her life, and it will atone for much," he thought as he clasped the warm, welcoming hand, and felt no longer alone.

The company had all withdrawn, and Miss Eldred and Reed stood alone.

"There *are* people who have defied the arbitrary laws of the world and married beneath them!" *You* must not be of that number, August. I dare say you yourself would think it better to throw down the gauntlet to the moral world, in the manner of the audacious Du Chatelet and Voltaire.

But even that Eden was not unmarred by breaking china and 'haggard eyes.' I advise you to close your eyes upon all precedents and mark out a new line."

For a moment it seemed to him that he should come to hate this woman, with her subtle sarcasms and her sublime confidence in her own future. But in the same ratio did his fascination increase for the young girl Marjory.

"See here, Essy, let us be candid for once. You and I have come near wrecking our happiness for the sake of a—at the best—shadowy principle. Let us drop all thought of it. I do love Marjory. She attracts me as no woman ever did in my life. As you say, I must not marry her as we stand. But, Essy, at my expense, take her and educate her; polish her; give her a position. To repay you, I will take Hugh with me to Europe, and he shall come back all that you desire."

"I'm glad you've chosen to be sincere for once. But I decline your offer in regard to Hugh. You forget that it will not suit me to have his mind formed too closely after your delicate model. Our inequalities counterbalance each other and make us equal. If you release me I shall marry Hugh in a month, and he will travel with *me* in Europe, and *I* shall watch his master-mind expand. I ask no greater happiness."

"Ah, Essy, you are braver than I have been, and you teach me a lesson. Let it be a double wedding, then. I will take my brown-eyed girl with me, and I will see *my* flower expand! Let the world get behind thee and me, Essy. The joy of braving it has reached a sublimity!"

Matilda M. Turner.

A MOUNTAIN MEMORY.

I NEVER saw a great mountain until I went to Switzerland in the summer of '65. I had heard of them, read about them, seen pictures past counting of Alp and Appenine, and so I thought I had so learned them by heart that they would be no great wonder. I had also lived among what we called mountains—the sweet, heathery hills of the north of England, with their gray crags and purple bloom, their free blowing winds, rippling sunshine, and great spaces without a house or tree or human being, except at rare intervals a shepherd looking after his sheep. These were the mountains to me; and they still hold a place no other thing can take in my memory and love. As the rugged hills of New England are dear to some, these are dear to me—because I saw the mist lie on them first when I was a child; and wandered over them dreaming about my future when I was a boy; and preached my first sermons on them to the sheep when I was a young man, long before I joined the church, or had the remotest idea of being a preacher. But they were not mountains. You would find snow there in the deep shadows, when the meadows were all a-bloom down by the river; but the snow was gone by the middle of May, and the sheep were cropping the sweet new grass that grows here and there among the heather and the crags, and the brown waters were tumbling down the hills racing toward the sea. They are as dear to me now as Hermon and Sharon were to the Hebrews in the old days; but it was only that pride of our own place, which makes a Scotchman think Ben Lomond is grander than the pick of the Andes, which made mountains to me out of those great purple hills.

But when I went to the old home

eight years ago, I said, "Now I will see the mountains Ruskin saw, and Coleridge, and feel their burden at first hand, and then I shall know this open secret of grandeur and beauty once for all, and hold it in my heart wherever I go." Yet I am not sure that I did see all they saw—or rather I suspect I did not, and could not if I went there every summer as long as I live. For many a man has walked through Walden woods in winter; but who has really seen them except Thoreau? And many a man has seen the birds flitting through the snow-flakes; but who could bring them out of their wilderness except the author of "Chickadee"? Who saw that world among the Western mountains, except Bret Harte? or Indiana twenty years ago, except Eggleston? It is still as true as it was in the days of Christ, that out of many who have eyes few can really see; and it is as true of nature as of grace. Take an average Western farmer and set him in the heart of a June prairie, untouched by the plough clean away to the line where the green meets the blue, and put by his side a man like Whittier, and as the heavens are higher than the earth, so will be the vision of the poet over that of the farmer. From the blue blossom at their feet to the whole sweep of earth and heaven, one man sees, while another is a seer.

When I was ready, I started from Frankfort, in Germany, to Zurich, in Switzerland, on a Saturday morning, and rode all day through a beautiful country, looking out toward nightfall for the mountains. But night came on as we got into Switzerland, and long before we came to our journey's end it was quite dark. So I went to rest, longing for sunrise; and at sunrise dressed and went out. The old gray

town, with its lofty houses and narrow streets, had begun to stir. It was a clear morning in midsummer, warm and bright. They had told me at the inn that if I would go up to the Cathedral I could see the mountains. I saw the Cathedral at once, and went up. I noticed it was like all the cathedrals in that country — simple and grand in outline, almost bare of ornament, looking as if the people had said, "We will build to the pattern that was shown us in the mount;" as different as possible from the marvels of Leauty I had seen in England, France and Germany, at York, Rouen and Cologne. There was one beautiful thing — a statue of Charlemagne, standing high in the tower, "looking right on with calm eternal eyes;" and Charlemagne is one of the men I "tie to," as we say here in the West — "the one strong man in a blatant land," who bitted and bridled the wild life of his time, which threatened to wipe out the new hope of the world, planted order, established law, taught his people how to live, and then, when the end came, was set in his sepulchre in his great ivory chair — if my memory serves me — with his crown on his head and his sceptre in his hand (the sceptre I have seen), as if he would say to France, "When you feel the old mad outbreak coming, remember Charlemagne, and be quiet."

I went up the steep, looking at Charlemagne, and he was looking at the mountains. I turned around when I had gained the platform, and stood still. We all remember times when our whole nature was stormed by some quick surprise, so that we could hardly see the thing we were looking at through our tears. So it was with me that Sunday morning. For there, away out beyond, standing clear in the rising sun, were the mountains — or shall I say the crests of the mountains? for their base was hidden by the roundness of the earth, — white and still, standing up in the sky, looking as if they belonged to a world I had never

seen before, flashing white against the green of summer from their eternal snows. I said in my heart, "Now I know what they mean by mountains, and what Ruskin means when he likens them to the shadow of God."

Then I came down at last, and noticed that the churches were open, early as it was. But these were Protestant churches, not Catholic. "How is this?" I said to a man who spoke English; "Protestant churches open before breakfast?" "That is when they *are* open," the man replied; "service begins here at six o'clock." A good idea, I thought; certainly the people will stay awake then, let the sermon be never so stupid. And so I went into a great church close to the river, to see this brave sight. Whether the sermon was what sermons should be, I cannot tell; certainly the minister was awake, for his face lighted up as he went on, as if he felt every word he said. But this I know: that out of fifteen hundred people, as near as I could judge, seven hundred were in as sweet a sleep as if they were still in their own chambers; and so I gave up trying to account for this perverseness, and thought of the man who went to sleep under Paul; and it was a great comfort.

I was not satisfied, of course, with this look at the mountains on the edge of the world. I could not rest until I had seen them to their most secret heart. Not that I wanted to scale Mount Blanc, to shiver on the brink of unfathomable crevices, or to stand on peaks that only a few men ever scaled; for I like to look *at* these dizzy wonders, rather than *from* them; to feel sure first, I run no risk that is not fair to a man with a family, when there is no higher call than curiosity, be that never so intense; and then, from my safe, sure foothold, to take all the blessing these things can give. I love a noble daring. I remember Mr. Emerson said to me once that a Polar expedition just then brought to a good conclusion was one of the

proofs England had to give that year that she was still in the full prime of her life. And this no doubt is true. The sun of Rome was past meridian when her best blood in Pompey's army turned back in the fight for fear of the javelins aimed at the face. What the men dare is a sign of what the nations are to which they belong; and a life given now and then, just for proof of clear grit, is not lost. Only I did not mean to pawn mine that summer among the Alps. There was one thing I wanted especially to do: I wanted to see Mount Blanc face to face in all his glory—and I did it. Starting from Lucerne, we go winding among the valleys in the most curious fashion, catching glimpses of queer little towns and villages that seem as if they had been made on purpose to delight Americans, tired and sick of the everlasting sameness of these Western places. When we come to Martigny, within nine hours' walk from the foot of this grand mountain, we have to take to the hills on horseback or on foot, as it suits us. It suited me, for many reasons, to go on foot; the most central reason being that I am perhaps the worst rider ever seen on horseback. But the walk over the Tete Noir is one of the events of a life-time—so full of wonder and delight that I only remember the most of it as a fine ethereal intoxication. Every mile it was a new surprise—little green valleys far down on one side of us, great grim scars far up on the other; poor little cottages, set where one would imagine it was impossible for any human being to pick up a living; troops of little children, with small round faces and great round eyes, running out as they saw us come, holding out their hands shyly for anything we might give them—and you can go through a great show of generosity with the coins you pick up in Germany, for a very little cost; wayside chapels and shrines in unexpected places, startling us sometimes with a figure of the dead Christ, when we expected the Mother and Child;

clear running wells of water, "just off the ice," close to the wayside, and very welcome to man and beast. Oh, what a day that was, walking over the Tete Noir, and watching along in the afternoon for the first flash of the great white glory that was drawing us to its feet! I would go to Switzerland for that walk, if it ended in a quagmire. But at the end of seven hours, we came to a sharp turn by a little town, and then the mountains that have hidden away the sight we came to see, stand back, and there is Mount Blanc.

It was a disappointment for a few minutes, as Niagara is. You have been expecting that nature will do something in the melodramatic line, and send one peak out into the sky as they would on the stage. Nature knows better; she is no Court-House competitor, intending to carry off her prize with the *coup* of a splendid lantern. Her work is for the ages; and so she lays vast foundations, and builds to her base, and then just raises the great summit over all—peerless in its way, when you come to think of it, as the sun—and lets you fret until you have grace to see what she means. I think I did see it at last as she intended we should. For when we got to Chamouny, and had rested, we went across the valley, in among the vines and roses, and there we sat down. It was evening. The sun had set to us, and the night drew on; but up there he was shining still, transfiguring all the white with his gold, lingering as if he loved it and was loth to leave it. And then the gold changed to rosy splendors that seemed like the light through stained windows; and then the stars came out, as the alpen glow, as they call it, deepened, and starlight and sunlight lay together on the lonely desolation. They told me travellers would spend weeks sometimes in the valley and not see this sight more than once, and it is reckoned the supreme glory. It is to me still one of the wonders of my life.

One mountain I did climb in that

journey. I had been told I must see the sight from the top of the Rhigi at sunrise, or I should be sorry for it always. It was a hard pull of perhaps seven hours, on a very hot day; but, like the walk over the Tete Noir, and all the walks, indeed, I ever took among these mountains, the journey itself was worth far more than the trouble. It was dark when we got to the summit, for there was no railroad then, as there is now, and if there had been I should have preferred the tramp. We told the porter to call us an hour before sunrise exactly. It must have been two hours after sunrise when we woke up, and then we went storming down, met the porter, and shouted to him, "Why did you not call us an hour before sunrise?" "Oh, sare," he said to the speaker, "there was no sunrise." And so it was. We went to the door, and it seemed as if the flood had come. The rain was coming down in what you might well call torrents, and we felt sad enough. But it was a tempered trial, after all, as most of our trials are when we are not wilful and wrong-headed, or, what is worse, wrong-hearted about them. For in about a couple of hours, when we made up our minds to go down at any rate and reach Lucerne, and had been a few minutes on the road, all at once the rain stopped. The great clouds broke away into white masses, and were some of them swept down below our feet, and some up into heaven; and then we were transfigured where we stood. The guide-book told me, I think, that we could see between the two rims of the sky three hundred miles. There, sharp down below us, looking almost as if a rolling stone would reach them, lay towns and towers in the great green valleys, churches and homes, farm-steads and glorious lakes, a panorama of wonder and beauty for which, indeed, I have no words. The Rhigi is green to the top—a pasture ground for the little cows and goats; the blue-bells were thick about our feet, fresh that morning

from their bath, and looking up shyly to the sun as if they would say, "We are very glad you have come out; it was getting rather dreary." But right across the valley and the lake, as we came down, lay the great masses of white snow, set in their frames of black and brown rock, with the shaggy woods underneath, reaching down to the meadows, the towns, and the water, with monasteries hidden away among pleasant nooks, as they are apt to be—for of all the men in the world to find the choicest spot to say their prayers, the monks seem, when they set themselves, to be most skilful. And I remember saying to myself, as we are prone to say of a beautiful land, "How they must revel in this beauty, and how easy it must be to live holy lives with this near presence of God!" When we got down and took the steamboat, there were two monks on board—fine old fellows, with round heads and rosy faces, looking as if Lenten fare made more blood than was good for them. The sights from the lake are equal in their way to those from the mountain, and we drank in the new beauty as we had drunk in the old. But now and then I glanced at the monks; they sat on the deck munching apples, with as much indifference as if they were in their cells, looking at us now and then, and exchanging a word which I interpreted to mean, though I did not understand them, "How good these apples are! and how strange it is that anybody can prefer these sights to eating them!"

Once again I went, on three July days, clean away up into the snow, to what is called the Furcar Pass and the glacier of the Rhone.

I have said so much already that I will spare the reader my journey—though it still surpassed all I had done or seen before. It is enough to say that we reached the snow on the second day, and went tramping over it scant of breath, for the air up there grows very thin. Here and there we would come to a little bare patch where the grass

had sprung, and then close to the snow we would find flowers of the most wonderful tender beauty I ever saw, looking as if they had won their blessed light by battles with their hard fortune, and by seizing bravely every moment of sunshine and turning it to the holiest account; and then I said in my heart, "O God! why cannot I take this sight to my soul forever, and learn what worth may lie in the hardest fortune, if I am faithful to the gleams of thy grace? The hardest lot, then, shall be a ministering angel to the purest and most perfect beauty of life and character. I shall grow as these flowers grow, to look like heaven."

And so at last I came to love as a reality the mountains I had loved all my life as a dream. I saw something of what Ruskin saw, and Coleridge, and the great ones who have sung their beauty from the days of the psalmist to this new day of ours. It seemed to be the fittest thing in the world that some of the finest inspiration of the psalms and prophecies should flash along the crests and hide among the fastnesses of the mountains of the Holy Land and the Desert beyond; that Hermon and Sharon and Lebanon and Sinai and Horeb should ring as they do in grand and awful or sweet and assuring melodies through the chapters of the greatest book the world ever heard of; that Carmel should be chosen by Elijah as a battle-field against Baal; and Zion by David as the gathering-place of the tribes once a year; that one mountain-side should be the pulpit of the Sermon on the Mount, another the chosen shrine of prayer, another of the transfiguration, another of the great agony; and that on a mountain should be performed the great sacred tragedy of the world.

And I love to remember that always among the mountains and hills has been found the cradle of the purest, keenest, freest life of the world. It was there those old Hebrews got their Bible, and lived it before they got it—as men must always do—and got

with it the power and life which has carried them through eighteen centuries of trouble such as no race ever encountered, and still found them faithful to their ancient trust, crying out against all idolatries: "The Lord our God is one Lord." So Græce caught her glorious life among the mountains, and refined it in the seas, and sent down to us her gifts of art and poetry and philosophy—things that never grow old in their essence, because they hold in their heart the principles of immortality. And these Switzers! how they have fought for freedom among their mountains, and won it, and kept it against all comers! And what a fine and noble austerity dwells in their mountaineer hearts!

Here is the great gambling-hell of Baden-Baden begging at their door, offering any bribe to be admitted—and they know what money is worth, too; but they know of things money cannot buy—national and cantonal honor, pureness, simplicity, *virtue* in a word; and so they bar the evil thing out at every gate, keep watch and ward, and will have no such defilement of their holy mountains as these things would bring. Mountains are fortresses and breastworks of freedom, nursing fathers and mothers of bright, strong men and women—the background of great aspirations and resolutions—nurseries of hardihood and self-denial, and good templars insisting on temperance as the first condition of staying in their sanctuary.

"When Freedom from her home was driven,
In vine-clad vales of Switzerland,
She sought the glorious Alps of heaven,
And there, 'mid cliffs by lightning riven,
Gathered her hero-band.

"And still outrings her freedom-song,
Amid the glaciers sparkling there,
At Sabbath-bell, as peasants throng
Their mountain fastnesses along,
Happy, and free as air.

"The hills were made for Freedom!—they
Break at a breath the tyrant's rod;
Chains clank in valleys—there the prey
Bleeds 'neath Oppression's heel away:—
Hills here to none but God!"

And the burden of the mountains is an unspeakable repose. We turn the plains over our hand. The red man of a hundred years ago, coming back to his old familiar prairies, would not know them; they are turned into corn-fields and planted with cities and towns. Nothing abides as it was, on a plain; there is perpetual movement and perpetual alteration. But Hannibal would know the Alps again, and point out every peak. There they stand—silent, grand, glorious; and to them a thousand years is as one day. The art and device of man merely scratches their surface—builds little places that seem like nests of the swallows under

the caves of the temples. They say to the traveller: "Be still; if you will believe it, you are stronger than we are, rooted in deeper certainties, resting on more impregnable foundations. You can rest on God; we can only rest on the fringe of His garment. We must decrease; you can increase. Winter and summer are wearing us away; every rill that runs to the sea carries something of us away forever. But you, O man! you can grow forever. The secret of immortality is with you. We are the shadow—you are the substance. Then if we can be so quiet and still and strong, how can you fret and fear?"

Robert Collyer.

"BOYS NOT ALLOWED."

THAT boy—poor victim of the inhumanities of parents, the tyranny of blue eyes and the barbarities of murder—the innocent school-ma'ams! Our hearts bleed for him as H. H. so pathetically recounts his grievances*—how, sitting alone in railway cars, he lifts mild eyes of meek reproach at the frowning placard, "Boys not allowed," and in sweet submission munches saleratus gingerbread while he snuggles close to his gentle champion's side, taking care, of course, not to drop any crumbs on her travelling dress; and pours into her sympathizing ear the concentrated woes of his little life.

"No room in the world for the boy!" Bad Massasoit House landlord will not let him come to the table; wicked New York conductor will not stop the street car for him to get on; cruel papa makes him carry the valise; selfish sister cries when he

touches her wax doll; unfeeling mamma hurts his sensitive spirit by reproving him in the presence of company! It must be a solace to his wounded heart to find in the solitude of the deserted railway car one little crumb of comfort to mix with his saleratus gingerbread—one drop of the milk of human kindness, though given by stranger hand, to moisten his thirsty jaws.

We wondered whose boy he was. Had we or ours been travelling on the Albany Road in the memory of "H. H."? Could it be the boy of our friend A. A.? He lives in New York. Doubtless he tries to ride on street-cars. We think we once saw him and a half dozen other boys clinging on an omnibus, and calling out, "Cut!—cut behind!" to the wrath of the driver and the annoyance of the ladies inside, whose ears were deafened and dresses torn by the repeated slamming of the door.

No, it could not be he, we are sure, because, in our last visit to the house,

* "Bits of Talk about Home Matters." By H. H.

his mother entertained us by displaying in his presence the headless and armless and legless trunks of his sister Bell's dolls—the evidences of his "inquiring turn of mind"—and also the fragments of his father's chronometer, a like illustration. In fact, the general appearance of the nursery, the drawing-room—indeed the whole house—testified that at least in A. A.'s family boys are "allowed." I remember A. A. told us in this connection what he called the best joke of the season. Said he, "You know our new minister? If he has a weakness, it is for his shiny beaver. Well, what do you think that boy (pointing to the four-year-old who stood open-mouthed, drinking in the sweetness) did the last time he was here? You see I have a sort of a patent hat, made with springs, left on my hands by some travelling agent, who wanted me to try it and give him a puff. I have amused my visitors by sitting down on it, and producing it *in statu quo* after the incubation. The other day the parson was 'calling' on Julia, and while they were discussing his beautiful sermon on 'Patience,' what should Tom do but pick up the immaculate beaver and sit down on it! When the good man arose to go, he was in consternation at the absence of his head-covering. After keeping them hunting for ten minutes, Tom jumps up and produces it completely crushed, with the cool remark, 'This hat do n't shut up like papa's does.' 'T was worth the ten dollars it cost me to see the boy's coolness." No, I am sure it could not have been A. A.'s boy that was "not allowed."

Let's see, who else lives in New York? There is B. B. His boy rides on street cars, I am sure. I saw him get into one with his hands daubed with molasses candy, and grasp a lavender silk dress to steady himself by as the car started. He was "allowed," the first six years of his life, I am sure, however it may be now. I will recall the years of B. B.'s disappointments

which preceded the advent of "the boy." First year—"A sweet little girl. Of course we are rather sorry, for Mary had made red-bordered blankets instead of blue, she felt so sure it would be as we hoped. Still we can't help loving the little creature." Second year—"It is no use to quarrel with Providence, but it does seem strange. There's brother John has six boys." Third year—"Oh, I forgot to tell you, Mary has been sick. We've got another girl. I believe she is like the others." Fourth year—B. B. stopped Jack on the street, with rueful visage: "Did it ever occur to you that the heathens had the right of it about drowning the girl babies? What chance is there for women in this world unless they are born to an independent fortune? We have got four girls now to add to the list of old maids in Massachusetts. What is a poor lawyer to do with four girls?" Fifth year—We were spending the summer at Endtown. We had all gone to bed at nine o'clock; had blown out the candles and shut up the house, when a clatter of horse's hoofs flying through the night awakened us. A telegraphic dispatch. What could it be? Our knees smote together. We groped for a light, and tore it open. "Jubilate! A fine boy! Ten pounds. Mary's condition critical, but hopeful. B. B."

That boy was "allowed" a cradle with rockers, when his sisters had lain on nursery beds; was "walked" to sleep, when his sisters had cried themselves off; had two gas burners, when sisters had trembled in the dark; had drum and fife at his toilet matinees, when sisters were not even "allowed" a rattle, for fear of disturbing papa at his beef-steak; and drank his coffee at table, when his sisters had eaten farina in the nursery; said "I will," and "I won't," when his sisters had said, "please," and "thank you;" tore up and stamped on the pretty indestructible A B C picture books, in which his sisters had demurely read "A stands for Apple;" made forts of his father's

law books, and horses of the shovel and tongs, and stables of the centre-tables, when his sisters had been shut up in their attic play-room and baby-house. He was allowed to slide down the balusters, when his sisters had been forbidden to leave even a finger-print; allowed to tip mamma's work-basket upside down for kite-strings and fish-lines, when sisters were prohibited from disturbing a spool of cotton; allowed to throw his coat and boots on the floor of the hall, where his sisters durst not hang a shawl; allowed to invade the sacred precincts of Bridget's kitchen, where his sisters trembled to show a head; and was allowed to leave the marks of his copper-toed boots on the calf of that Juno of the lower region, without more serious consequences than a threat to "tell your papa of your bad manners."

It surely was not B. B.'s boy, whom Mrs. H. H. met on her travels and visits, for his mother never reproved him before company—or behind company. If she had, he would have "told his papa." His threats were more terrible than Bridget's.

But C. C.—he lives in Boston now—used to live in Brooklyn. That is near enough for a writer to call New York. C. C. had strict notions when he was a young man. Perhaps it was one of his boys on the train. It would be just like him to make them carry a valise, or even to leave one watch the baggage. He was always eccentric. But his boys must be grown up now. When were we at his house last? O, yes; it was Bill's birth-day. He was eighteen. The time they had the party. Dancing—do n't you remember? C. C. took me aside and said, "I know you will think it strange, after all my opposition to dancing; but one must allow boys some privileges, I find, in order to keep them at home. I hope the noise overhead will not disturb you; but to tell the truth, we found we could not get along without a billiard-table. It is really good exercise." Maria looked a little ashamed at the state of

the parlor. It really was difficult to see across it for the smoke. "I always declared," said she, "that I never would have my lace curtains spoiled; but boys will be boys; and I would rather have them smoke in the parlor than to be lounging in bar-rooms." "My dear friend," and a shade of sorrow passed over her face, "I hope you will not appear to notice poor Tom's appearance this morning. Dear boy, he has been getting too fond of base ball lately, and some of the club drink, and he is so easily led away. I do n't like to tell his father, for he promises everything, and if we mothers do n't make allowance for our boys, what will become of them?" Oh yes, gentle mother, you and thousands like you wear out your life in making "allowances" for the boys; and hundreds of patient sisters weep in secret, and hang their heads for very shame in public, at the follies of wayward brothers.

But stay; here is a public school. We shall now surely find the hapless wretch for whom we are searching—yonder in the crowd of victims who throng that ill-ventilated, asphyxiating room, where I see the row of large windows all lowered from the top. The bell rings. Soon the boys will come forth silent and pale and sad—a mournful procession, gazing in mute envy at their persecutors, the girls, issuing from the opposite door, and musing on the sad state of society where there is no room for the boys. Yes, I see H. H.'s veritable boy. I know him by the gingerbread which he holds carefully behind him, lest some greedy girl should rob him of the treasure. He cautiously raises his hand to carry the sweet morsel to his hungry lips. "Alas for the rarity of Christian charity under the sun." Little rascal! He aims it at my horse's head. It flies through the air—a ball of yellow clay! It strikes my beautiful glossy mare full in the forehead. It spatters my riding habit. Away springs the frightened beast. Behind come the boys—one, two, three; a dozen, a score; it seems

a hundred! all howling like a pack of wolves, after "the woman on horse-back."

O for the Massasoit House placard.

O for the New York street-car conductor. O for the Albany railway train. O for one glimpse of "that boy" who is "not allowed!"

Sarah Loring.

SUMMERING AT THE LA PORTE LAKES.

"WHY don't you go up to La Porte? You can get there from Chicago in little more than two hours; fish, drive, hunt, sail; or, if you are too lazy for any such things, and yet determined to be happy, go to grass in the woods on the banks of the lakes, and dream away the summer hours as if enchantment was as natural there as sin is in Chicago. Why do you drop your lower jaw and grin at me in that way?"

I answered my impulsive friend that the only La Porte I knew of—and little enough of it—was a Hoosier burgh somewhere about, but that I knew no way to get to regions of "enchantment" such as he described, except by a great many times two hours rail east, or else west, or by leaving the little matter of the flesh out of the question and taking the entertainment intellectually through the kind agency of opium.

"Opium!" cried my friend, seizing the word. "What put that into your head? Do *you* indulge? Do n't you know that at La Porte lives Dr. Samuel B. Collins, editor of the "Theriaki," the world-renowned benefactor of opium victims, who has a system of cure by which he has made a great fortune, built a marble institution for his medical offices, with the upper story for the Public Library and Association for the promotion of Natural Sciences—rent free—a very good, able and generous man at that? Poor fellow! I see it in your eyes. You ought to go forthwith. He lives in an elegant

mansion in the very midst of the enchantments I talked of, and is laying out drives, walks, and all that. By all means, go."

"Thank you. You're a little too fast. I do n't indulge. But I wish the opium Doctor much joy of his patients," I replied, adding, "if you are one of them, I am afraid he has not cured you yet. What *are* you talking about? Is it the town of La Porte, Indiana? A man who has been to Europe, as you have, standing here in front of the Grand Pacific, on the streets of Chicago, in a state of enthusiasm about the 'scenery' of a pretty village in Hoosierdom, is something ludicrous."

"Petty village in Hoosierdom! It is an elegant city—a little one to be sure, but a city of ten thousand inhabitants—with an eighty thousand dollar school-house, seventeen churches, several of them very elegant; with residences by the row, that would look well on Wabash avenue; with miles on miles of broad, clean streets, lined on either side with graceful elms and luxuriant maples; with a dozen flourishing factories; with four banks; with Holly Water-Works, delivering 3,500,000 gallons of water a day; and in case of fire, casting a stream 100 feet high, or ten streams 100 feet high, with—"

"Upon my word, Colonel," I broke in, "I believe you are out of your head. Suppose all this is so, what of it?"

"You are out of *your* head, as every Chicagoan has been ever since the fire.

It's a fact. You are of the very class who take eight days and two hundred dollars to get off to a spot where they can feel good, when in two hours, and for three dollars, they can get to a place they could practically distinguish from the other by nothing in the world but the trouble and expense of getting there, and the anxiety they have, night and day, lest they be, as certainly they are, too far off from their business.

"Speaking of fires," continued my voluble friend, "La Porte had a fire as well as Chicago, and relatively as big a one. That was before they had the Holly Water-Works, and G. H. Storey to manage them; and she has rebuilt, with splendid improvement, over her former buildings."

I confess I was culpably ignorant of the size and importance of La Porte, and freely indulged the curiosity excited by my ardent but intelligent friend, who eagerly poured out endless particulars about the little city, distinguished rather than famous, as yet, for the vicinity of natural objects of the most graceful interest to the inhabitants of a great city scarcely more than fifty miles distant, accustomed to seek the solaces of nature at remote and tiresome distances, in consequence of the monotony of an Illinois rich but dull landscape. Knowing the accuracy as well as the instructive abundance of the Colonel's information of every place he visited, I suffered him to get through a quantity of his statistical and personal matter about La Porte, before I urged him to an account of what must be the really beautiful lakes that sleep on the summit of Indiana, between streams retreating southward to the Gulf and northward to the St. Lawrence, shaded by the primeval forest, populous with fish, and yet known to few beyond the people of the adjacent town.

"La Porte is chock full of live men and thriving business enterprises," my friend swept on. "There's Wile & Fox's big woollen mill, and another, just as big, run by Fildes' old partner,

King; there's S. B. Husselman, carrying on a large iron foundry, employing a host of operatives; and another carried on by the Rumleys. That's a pair of factories and a pair of foundries run by public-spirited men of substance—besides chair factories, wheel factories, furniture factories, and all the minor shops of thriving places. But people at La Porte get rich in the old way, without rings and leagues, buying produce and selling goods. There is quite an array of elegant dry goods, hardware and furniture stores, too—"

"Who cares for the stores in La Porte?" I interrupted. "I reckon I can find what goods I want in Chicago."

"You need not get snappish," said the Colonel, very snappishly; "these are all men of brains and character."

"Certainly," said I; "but with much yet to tell, perhaps you might pass the rest of the dry goods business, and tell me about the 'enchanted lakes.'"

"There are in La Porte five public school edifices, one of which, a beautiful structure, cost \$80,000. The Presbyterian Church would honor any city of treble La Porte's size. The Teegarden House, in which Mr. V. W. Axtell has administered hospitality for sixteen years, has a rival in the Merrill House. If you go, stop at—"

"What about the lakes?"—for if there is anything that annoys me more than the prescription of a remedy for rheumatism that "never fails," it is to be studiously recommended to a particular hotel.

"The press at La Porte, I tell you what, is not to be sneezed at, even by your pretentious Chicago dailies—at least the "Times" need not blush at the grateful recollection that the La Porte "Herald," now ably edited by Mr. Major and managed by Mr. Powell, was established in 1838 by Wilbur F. Storey. The other paper is the "Argus," not so old, but equally spirited, under the editorial management of Mr. Wadsworth. Both are large, handsome and prosperous journals."

We went to a soda-fountain for refreshment.

"Is that ice good?" inquired the Colonel, significantly. "It is La Porte ice, I'll bet my hat; you do n't know where your ice comes from—just like a Chicago man! You think it naturally grew in Chicago. Thirty-three thousand tons of ice, expressly for your use, went from the La Porte lakes into Mark S. Thompson & Co.'s ice establishment last winter. Thompson is the very man that is getting ready to build a row of summer residences on its banks. There is another ice firm not far behind him in helping the panting world to the frigid side of La Porte delights, that is John Hilt & Co.; they—"

Certainly, I would have been very happy to make Mr. Thompson's and Mr. Hilt's acquaintance, but did not see the event probable enough to make it an object to be so well posted about them. I once more tried to get the Colonel back to the point about the lakes.

"Get out on the balcony of Dr. Collins's hospitable mansion, on the border of the lakes, and view the landscape. It is ravishing! The genial Doctor—"

Confound the Doctor, with his bugs and snakes, his mysterious lotions and arcane powers! He was a wizard, who had evidently bewitched my well-travelled friend, and, for that matter, might bewitch me too, who am much greener. I would never view that landscape from that balcony; I was afraid.

"No poet," said my friend vaguely, "native or foreign, past or present, pleases me so much as Bryant. Do you know why?"

I did not; nor what Bryant had to do at La Porte, unless to commune with his brother poet, Benjamin F. Taylor, who formerly lived there. But the lakes!

"Because," said the Colonel, "his genius drinks at Nature's well."

"Just so; but whose do n't?"

"But then," continued he, "Bryant

strings his lyre to songs of valley and dell; of rock and ravine; of the petalled magnolia and towering oak; of Niagara's rush; and of the lake's tranquil sleep—"

"You grow eloquent, Colonel."

"Hope, then, even for you," was the response. "Go to La Porte and be inspired. Lie on the grassy bank in the dark green shade; gaze on the water, fathoms on fathoms down, as clear as vacancy, and, amidst the solemn trees, dream the days away. Clouds fleeting, with silvery edges, chase each other across the clear blue sky. I only say, '*beautiful*'—and lie still. There is no ripple on the water, and the motionless trees seem encased in glass; my mind dispels all sense of the raging round of tumult in the busy haunts of men; the war of work and opinion has a truce of music and love; and I say only, 'here let me forget this world and think on the hidden mystery of the one beyond.'"

"I am glad you have got to heaven at last," I replied, "for I was afraid to risk the trip if it would affect me the same way. However, it ended well."

"Don't rely on that, if you have doubts. I fear you would fall short of that end," cleverly retorted the Colonel. "But what *do* you want to know?"

"I want to know more specifically about those lakes—what they look like, who they belong to, and how they could be utilized."

"I do n't know nor care much who owns them, for God made them; but I'll give you all about their character and utilization."

"Go ahead," said I.

"There are, besides smaller ponds, seven principal lakelets, the nearest of which is close to the Lake Shore depot. Pine Lake is the largest, being about six miles in circumference; Clear Lake and Stone Lake are about four miles round, respectively; Lily, Horseshoe, Fishtrap and East lakes are smaller. The banks rise in gentle, yet picturesque ascent to from thirty to seventy-

five feet above the water, which, on the other hand, is very deep; Stone Lake being supposed to have a depth of seventy-five feet. Their water-line is nearly three hundred feet higher than that of Lake Michigan. They feed both the Mississippi and Lake Michigan, their outlets dividing their contributions between the St. Joseph and Kankakee rivers. The surrounding country is the most elevated in the State, and among the most preferred for agriculture, the richness of the soil not being at the expense of diversity, as elsewhere. The settlement is old, and the society excellent. The timber is massive, chiefly beech, maple, walnut, oak, etc. Within easy hunter's walk, the Kankakee valley abounds with game, such as wild geese, ducks, snipe, etc. The lakes abound in fine black bass, pickerel, black sun-fish, and other fish. The railroad facilities, whether for business or pleasure, are satisfactory. The Lake Shore & Michigan Southern is the great through route for all points East and West; the Indianapolis, Peru & Chicago Railroad makes La Porte intimate with the rest of Indiana and with Illinois.

"The seven principal lakes are grouped in close proximity, so that a beautiful drive of a few miles makes a circuit of the whole of them. In the middle of Pine Lake, an island, containing about twenty acres, is thickly wooded and strikingly lovely. The circuit around the whole group, excepting a few deflections from the shores, is on a track as broad, even, and hard, as the Lake Boulevards of Lincoln Park at Chicago. The banks are eminently picturesque. Gently receding from the curiously symmetrical margin of the crystal water, they rise in easy gradations to altitudes of 30 to 75 feet, thickly wooded, and rich in sward and moss. The vicinity of the lakes, without notable exception of spaces, is all fit, and most of it eminently fit, for building. On the islands and shores are many beautiful orchards, vineyards and fruit

farms, and on Pine Lake the extensive vegetable garden of R. B. Allen. Capt. Crawley, a man of equal courtesy and executive ability, is now prepared to navigate the entire chain of waters with his — what do you think?"

"Canoe, I suppose."

"Canoe! In Lily Lake, nestling as it were among a bed of lilies, lies Capt. Crawley's fairy-like little steamer 'Viola.' The dear little craft, after making the short round of Lily Lake, say about three miles, will purr her way on a through route of ten or twelve miles. Think of that at moonlight, with girls, guitars and love songs! I tell you the whole region is Arcadian."

"What else is going on in utilizing?" I inquired.

"Dr. Collins is laying out long drives, perfectly graded, 100 feet wide, with a foot-walk eight feet wide on each side, shaded by maples regularly studding the way the whole distance. He is so earnest that, besides this, he offers three to five acres of his land as a site for a summer hotel, if first-class and in first-class hands. He will build on the lake border a large number of summer residences, of which the grounds of each, four or five acres, will reach to the water, whereon the 'Viola' may come to carry party to party, neighbor to neighbor; while, on the other hand, beautiful roads will lead for ten minutes to the railroad depot. The Doctor, you see, is in real earnest; and so are others, also.

"But just imagine yourself there. A little bit of a lake — one hears of it as if it were a thing to bail out with his hat or to drink up on such a thirsty day as this. But how big is a landscape of middleground and foreground? A sheet of water, even one mile across, may be as beautiful as anything could be conceived, if above in sky and around in scenery, everything else is tributary to it. But here are foliage, water, sky and sward, light and shade, limpid purity, holy twilight, glorious sunshine, and whatever else makes up

the fondest pictures that hang on memory's walls. As to bigness, it is abundantly big — the lake, or several of them, often open into one scene. Look at that fellow out in the middle, fishing from his boat." Of course I saw him (standing at the corner of State and Madison streets as I was) rather in spirit than in truth.

"On yonder shore, see a party of lingerers, ladies and gentlemen. Do you think they are wishing themselves into heavenly beatitude? Not a bit of it! They are realizing how beautiful a world we live in, if we only appreciate it. But out there, in the deep gloom of the massive shadows on your left hand, one, two, several tiny barks are sound asleep, and their occupants almost motionless with happiness. They have been on the round, fishing and sailing all about Clear Lake, and now they have gone into sweet refreshment and meditation. From afar, round that little reach, come a few bars of a gay song, with laughter dancing over the lake; then, a cheery call, a splash and its echo, and a glittering waterbreak gleams like a truth straight across the obscure dimness of the distance. But why are these delightful places enjoyed by so few?"

"Is that a conundrum?" I inquired — for though in truth resolved to go over to La Porte before another week,

I was determined to worry and tease my old friend.

"Stupidity," said he, with solemn emphasis—"just what I told the Mayor of La Porte—a splendid fellow—Powell, of the *Herald*, and Major Calkins, as we were riding out to view the lakes last week—stupidity, said I, passes, of all things in this world, for good sense! A stupid man, unable to receive fine impressions in himself, borrows them, and then lives up to them second-hand, cost what it may. Whenever he reads or hears others say that a place is beautiful, he takes it as a settled thing; and even if it is, it is all the same to him as if it was not. Such might as well hear another man's account of the excellent dinner he had, and then put off their stomachs with the good, jolly enjoyment the other fellow was having after dinner. But the dull dolts can see the distinction when it has to do with their grub. But, Charley, I tell you solemnly, if you are hungry"—here the most feeling philanthropist about to bestow a breakfast on a newsboy could not have looked more benevolent—nor a tithe as handsome, by the way—"hungry, I say, for the beautiful in nature, go to La Porte—go, I say, and go forth-with."

"I will go!" And I did go.

Robert King.

UNACHIEVED.

I AM sad for the poems which have been but dreamed,
 For the books which have never been writ;
 For the pictures which never on canvas have gleamed,
 For the thought which no language would fit.

I am sad for the songs which have burdened the brain
 Of the singer, but could not have birth;
 For the melodies struggling, and struggling in vain,
 To break on the world with their worth.

I am sad for the work which has never been wrought
 By the hands which were pinioned and pent;
 I lament that the deed could not equal the thought,
 Nor the action the spirit's intent.

Alas for the deeds which have never been done,
 So heroic and grand and sublime!
 Alas for the battles which have not been won
 In this contest with life and with time!

Alas for the possible loves in the heart
 Of the man who loves never at all;
 For the sadness and sorrow of lives set apart,
 That might have found joy in love's thrall!

Ah me, for the idols we make to our souls,
 And who live not save in our ideal!
 Alas for the sorrow that over us rolls,
 When our dreams are dispersed by the real!

Every life has two strands — the life that we see,
 And the other, that which might have been;
 The being we are, and the one we might be —
 Who shall say where they end or begin?

And who, that there is not success in defeat,
 And a failure in every success?
 That the battle-field held, may not be a retreat,
 And the wrong that we suffer, redress?

Hattie Tyng Griswold.

THE LAKESIDE REVIEWER.

BOOKS AND LITERATURE.

THE EVOLUTION OF LIFE. By Henry C. Chapman, M.D., Member of the Academy of Natural Sciences. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. (Keen, Cooke & Co., Chicago.)

The second edition of this work is before us. It will meet a large and well-deserved sale, notwithstanding a serious fault or two, as perhaps the most successful attempt yet made to popularize those postulates of recent general acceptance in the scientific world, which amount to a revolution of almost everything traditional and dogmatic of the origin of creation, and especially of man. The avidity with which popularized science is seized by the general mind, will shortly kindle into a passion on the subject of man himself, judging by the statistics of book sales for the past year in Britain and America, and by other profoundly significant facts. Dr. Chapman has chosen the humble but useful task — to which, by-the-way, only the ripest learning, besides the special expository talent, is justly adequate — of making a comprehensive, concise and brief *résumé* of the theories, scientific methods and exemplary facts involved in the doctrines of evolution and development, both of man and of organic nature at large. He observes the prevalent misapprehensions on these subjects of the works of Lamarck, Darwin, Spencer, Owen, Huxley, Hooker, Lyell, Haeckel, Gegenbaur, Buchner, Vogt, Virchow, Moleschott, Müller, Rolle, Schleicher, Bleek, Gliddon, and even Drs. Meigs and Leidy, of Philadelphia, "Cope, Gray, and others;" and his object is merely to clear up those misapprehensions touching, of course, zoölogy, botany, geology, embryology, natural selection, and anthropology as all tributary to evolution — separate parts of that great glittering crystal, before which, as a truth, for better or worse, all traditionary history

of man is alleged to stand appalled, instead of the reverse, as formerly; for already it is undeniable that the questioner is questioned at the very fanes of faith, and the priest of creeds is a self-defender against the assertion of a yet more ancient and more transcendent ministry of the religion of trust through knowledge.

The style of Dr. Chapman's work is lucid, unaffected, and sometimes graceful. The illustrations are abundant and generally excellent, whether as appositely chosen or in the artistic execution. The symbolical diagrams are especially commendable. A map, which has not before appeared in a purely popular work, is next the title page, which happily displays the hypothesis of the origin of man at some one place, and his diffusion thence over all the world, founded chiefly on the testimony of comparative philology; and the further hypothesis that this origin was upon no now existing continent, but in a land between India and Africa, now covered by the Indian Ocean, to which lost continent the name "Lemuria" has been given by (we believe) Haeckel, after the lemurs, the species next below monkeys.

The comparative physiognomies, from the lower quadrumana to the European white man, however, are open to serious objection. Presented in twenty-four heads, juxtaposed on a sheet, they are uncommonly well selected, and could not fail powerfully to impress the simplest, as they have the profoundest intellects, without caricature. But we denounce as an offence against scientific loyalty, of which Dr. Chapman will bear the censure, the obvious but misplaced skill of the artist in imparting intelligent expression to the lower types by means of those minute alterations of form that become the gifted pencil. By tolerating this spurious persuasion in favor

of development, an element of distrust is excited against the most irrefragable evidence. For example: the Guinea baboon, lowest in the series, with a profile plainly swinish, derives a vivacity from an undue blackness of the eye-spot, and, more artfully, from the human—in fact, *human*—corner of the mouth and the wholly unwarrantable lower lip, that involuntarily revive the Arabian Nights personages feeding in the sty, yet with subtle traces of transformed princes, despite tusks, tail, and bristles. Compare, for example, the mouth referred to with that of the Greek, in the same plate, and if the expression of both is human, the former is the most lively of the two. Again, the Borneo *Nasalis*, if but his ear was as low down as his eye, might be supported as a compromise candidate for Congress, and sit out his term without suspicion, if he is as cunning as that mouth would prove any man to be. On the author himself we charge the fault; for in choosing a good artist he was bargaining to use extra vigilance against his expressive touches; and in approving the work the Doctor was rash. The original collection, whether borrowed from abroad or produced at home, is not in question; but the influence of the Philadelphia lithographer on the argument of form in philosophy should have been jealously suppressed, especially in a book for popular instruction. We trust the next, and the succeeding editions that the work will deservedly have, may bear proof of Dr. Chapman's sense of this dangerous fault.

It is gratifying to record that in all other respects we may give the work our unqualified recommendation for all the purposes for which it has been undertaken; and though in our further remarks below the distinction between evolution and development may not conform to the comparatively indifferent use of these terms by this author, he may, perhaps, have thought it would multiply difficulties to the uninstructed.

And here we may remark that the past century has witnessed a revolution of scientific opinion so great as to authorize us all to impeach a philosophical theory, however generally accepted by the foremost minds in science at any given age, so far as to

conjecture, *a priori*, that it may have its day, and succeeding wise men may find it to have been an error after all. With no test of truth but unanimity of minds of selectest competency and access to the question, we have but to go back a century for such a decision against the possibility of Lamarck's doctrine, and revert to our own day for as complete a reversal of that decision. But then we must add that the unanimity of the few—and we do not hesitate to say they are unanimous—extends no further than to the ultimate homologation of all types of life, from man to the monad, which is, in truth, development merely, and does not imply evolution in the sense of the origin of living things. Prof. Huxley conspicuously supports the Darwinian origin of man, in its outlines, and yet equally opposes, without much help, the inference, from any known data, of life without antecedent life. Darwin studiously and consistently ignores the question of primal evolution. His scientific, if not natural ancestor, Dr. Erasmus Darwin, author of the "Lives of the Plants," "Zoönomia," "Temple of Nature," etc.—published before the beginning of this century, which are crowded with the crude but rich affluence of a powerful scientific sagacity and imagination—labored to prove the outcome of life from dust, and seemed boldly to lay under tribute all the products of the genius of the ancient world—including the mythologies themselves—for evidence of the antiquity and prevalence of the belief in evolution throughout the ages. The most pleasing and graceful presentation ever made of the doctrine, perhaps, is in "Tellamed," by De Maillet, during the epoch of this disallowance by the scientific world—we of course need not say the theological—of the Lamarckian hypothesis. Against this we do not scruple to say modern headway owes more to the impulse of the now neglected works of Erasmus Darwin, in their day, than to any other personal agency. Written in verse, with enormous annotations, they constitute a most whimsical mixture of flat pedantry with inexhaustible novelty of suggestion. More symmetrical disquisitions have never been wanting since; and in 1841 there appeared an anonymous

work, now at length known to have been written by Sir Richard Vivyan, in which the accepted philosophy of Development—entertained at this day by all scientific leaders—was drawn with such ravishing symmetry of parts, such unprecedented simplicity, and such elegance of illustration, that we could offer no higher honor to any writer on the subject than to say he had successfully emulated the "Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation," as a collation of the facts and arguments of predecessors in support of a philosophical hypothesis. This beautiful apparition of the rejected philosophy brought on the last conflict. Against the modest, proud, unknown writer, every mortifying accusation was brought. It was proved that he was not an original investigator, but a borrower of second-hand data. With great exultation he was detected in mislocating a mollusk or miscalling a zoöphyte; the correspondence of his doctrines with those of hundreds of others demonstrated his lack of originality; and the very lucidity of his style, and irresistible persuasion of his reasonings, exemplified the art of the fluent sciolist. To be sure, he had disclaimed all originality of idea, and actually employed the fact as tending to energize his argument, and notified the world that he was not a naturalist; and, with a most engaging modesty, restricted his own credit, in advance, to sincerity and perspicuity. All these, however, were but the game of a vaulting aspirant. Such was the reception, not from the theologians merely, but from the philosophers. Yet the little book aimed to press an issue to decision; and it did press it to a decision. Let it be added, then, that no book could or should presume to attempt more. It is a reproach to men of scientific pursuits that the envy which stimulated the spirit of acrimony against that work has given place to a habit of disparagement that has survived the controversy itself. They affect to rate it below philosophical literature.

Huxley, Darwin, Lubbock, Spencer, Tyndall, should be ashamed of the practice of ignoring Vivyan, even when they are cataloguing all grades of writers on the subject of the Natural History of Creation.

It is a mean prejudice, for which the boldest of them would not dare offer an excuse. When this work of an exquisite and luminous intellect in a state of mere scientific tyrocity, came before the world, it did not accept the development hypothesis; now, it does accept it; and it does so as the outcome of a controversy superinduced by that book.

After this, it would be at least unphilosophical to inquire whether the author was a practical bug-catcher; whether he could stand an examination on the Linnæan nomenclature; or whether he had ever dissected a beetle. The work was to do, and he did the work. In substance, every fact of physics ascertained since 1841 has been confirmatory of the general system, sketched, without all the data, by this curious and gifted mind. He borrowed—let us suppose—from a country accompèché the leading facts of fetal life, from conception to birth; and from a school-book might have taken the typical forms of the accredited "species." These he compared; and now the immense and invaluable observations of the Darwins and Wallaces have but accumulated evidence to the same point. Nay, there is a more tender spot still to touch in our scientific masters on this subject. The literary faculty that does not see in the admirably improved style of scientific writing in our day a successful imitation of that of the writers of the "Vestiges," would hardly turn the world upside down with the consequences of his critical acumen.

MAY. By Mrs. Oliphant, author of "At His Gates," "Chronicles of Carlingford," etc. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co. (Jansen, McClurg & Co., Chicago.)

Mrs. Oliphant's admirers hardly allowed, after the publication of "At His Gates," that anything could add to her claims of applause. For our part, however, we are decidedly of opinion that her latest is her very best work. "May" is intensely real, not by Dickens's marvellous choice and arrangement of minor details, but—as extremes meet—by a more marvellous negligence of them; a putting of the incident and remark with such affirmative naturalness in any given situation, that they leave little voids all about them for the reader to

fill from his own unconscious fancy, not knowing that they were not all rendered in the book till he turns to it again to find them and cannot; wondering how the meagre and sometimes not refined description could have introduced him to so consummate a tableau. The death-scene of Isabel would have admonished Bulwer or Thackeray to collect all their resources; though in the effort of Mrs. Oliphant there seems to have been no aspiration for other than the stock outfit of so familiar and sad an occasion in a novel. But the reader, pre-occupied with the characters, ends the perusal of this scene in that tumult of emotion which rewards the most highly-wrought passages. It is not easy to see just how the potency of this eloquence issues from the words. This is genius, indeed. That subtle but sound vein of thought which is the principal charm to a class who read hardly any other novels than Mrs. Oliphant's, is as well exemplified in "May" as in her other works. The following extract many a clear-headed woman will appreciate—though it remains still much the fashion to pretend that she is only half a woman who recognizes her lover as no more than a man, and not much at that:

"What could he say for himself? how recommend himself to her? He would go and sit by her, or walk by her side when permitted, silent, embarrassed; doing nothing to win her attention, wondering if she despised him, or if she pitied him, or if she thought him worth thinking of at all. His feelings grew exaggerated and unreal in the profound consciousness he had of his own helpless unimportance, and in his constant surmises of what she thought of him, and the questions concerning him which must arise in her mind. One-half of these questionings, however, never arose in Marjory's mind at all, and the other half appeared to her in a different light, and affected her differently; but the man was in love, and humble, and never divined this. He lingered on, hoping for he knew not what,—that something might break the ice between them; that she might offer herself to him, or something else equally improbable. Marjory's sentiments were of a very different character. She did not feel her-

self to stand on that vast pinnacle of superiority which was so visible to him; her eyes were not so clear as he supposed them. To be sure, he was not at all her ideal of what a man ought to be; but I am not sure that she liked him less on that account. Probably Marjory, like many other young women, supposed herself to prefer that glorious being of romance whom romantic girls dream of, whom they can look up to, upon whom they can hang in sweet but abject inferiority, and who is to them, as Mr. Trollope says, a god. I say, probably she supposed she would have liked this; but I doubt much whether she would have liked it, for men like gods seldom appear to the visual organs of any but very susceptible feminine adorers, after five- and twenty, and Marjory had reached that ripe age. But I fear she liked Fanshawe all the better for not being a god. She liked him for the very qualities which she felt she must despise him for. To her, the vague and unsettled character of his life appeared but dimly, while his generousities shone out very bright. All her good sense and discrimination failed her at this point—as such qualities invariably do just at the moment when they might be of practical use. In matters so closely concerning personal happiness they never are of the slightest use; as soon as the heart is touched, such poor bulwarks of the mind yield as if they were made of broken reeds. She saw nothing ignoble, nothing unworthy in the life full of so many kindly uses, of which Fanshawe thought with so much shame, yet felt himself incapable of changing."

Mrs. Oliphant goes on to tell "how all this ended," but of course that is entirely unnecessary.

THE CHILDHOOD OF THE WORLD; A simple Account of Man in Early Times. By Edward Clodd, F.R.A.S. London and New York: MacMillan & Co. (Jansen, McClurg & Co., Chicago.)

We rejoice that a member of the Royal Astronomical Society, of recognized scientific spirit, is gifted with more than a school-master's humility in imparting instruction on learned themes. This excellent little book is a triumph of juvenile literature; and the reflective reader, remembering that

science is the subject, will not be surprised at our saying that the style might well be carried by the same writer into his most elaborate expositions. It may not overdo the matter even to say that, if ever a perfect style of English composition is reached, it will be found exactly fitted to philosophers and children, but only measurably so to the rest of us—except when we are in earnest. The present attempt is not in that perfect style—far from it; but it is a good beginning.

Mr. Clodd, in little over 100 small pages, has assembled in effect the accredited data of history and science, including archaeology, etc., on the subject of Man, his stages of advance from insensate barbarism, evolving his inventions, languages, laws, religions, etc., down to the age of credible history; excluding all speculation, but not belittling those sublime and vast results of inductive reasoning before which mountains of wasted theological industry are melting away. He does, indeed, leave the child-reader under more obscurity than is necessary about the immense time that man has been on the earth. The Devonshire cave discoveries are cited for familiar illustration; but the reader, taught not from the Bible, but by the chronology of the venerable Usher, that we originated 6,000 years ago, might have been more frankly told that many hundreds of thousands—not “many thousands of years”—might not take us back to our origin. But the author leaves the juvenile reader to make out a result too startling to be credible to him by inference, from the fact that the Thames deepens its channel at the rate of more than 12,000 years to a foot, and that after the water had filled these caves with gravel, it had worn out the adjacent valleys more than 100 feet deeper. If the current was slow, here would be more than a million years since man had come to the use of flint implements. Indeed, recently it is again alleged that human remains, showing advance even to the stage of representative drawing, have been found in Asia Minor, in strata of the almost inconceivably remote miocene geological age.

We are the more ready to welcome this little work, because it is undeniable that, by

our current text-books, we teach our children that we do not believe ourselves. Under the affectation of standing by the Revelation of God, we persist in inculcating a mass of constructive and exegetical matter as appurtenant to, if not in practical substitution of, the Holy Scriptures; whereas, all that matter, though classed as theological, is substantially philosophical—a philosophy the best which the state of knowledge in previous ages enabled our fathers to make out, but still a system by them made out, and by no means recorded in the Bible. No abler chronologer ever lived than Archbishop Usher; and with the materials at hand in that day, the conclusion that the planet was but about 6,000 years old was rational; for it was founded on all the knowledge, scientific, historical, and theological, that the times afforded. The present times afford more; and if Usher could renew in our day the labors he performed in his, there is no doubt he would deny that creation took place within a million of years. It may be a natural fault of parents to impress too much on their children their own opinions, not anticipating those, even when they forecast them, that are to belong to the time when the child takes their place in the world. But, at all events, it is a serious fault to impose on childhood ideas which are already obsolete in our own minds. It is, in fact, sacrificing them to the exigencies of our own hypocrisy.

JOHANNES OLAF: a Novel. By Elizabeth DeWille. Translated from the German by F. E. Bunnett. Boston: Roberts Brothers. (Jansen, McClurg & Co., Chicago.)

It is a good joke on English-speaking people that the pronunciation of German proper names, or the quotation of a saw or adage in German words, was a matter of dubious credit in drawing-room discourse, where an error in French tongue-torsion was vulgar, until after the capture of Paris. The grace and sweetness of sound was tested by wager of battle, and the French being worsted, there is no longer a question of lingual euphony between the two nations. It is much in this spirit that German thought, legend, sentiment and poetry en-

joy a larger appreciation since their military triumph. Especially is this true of modern German fiction, of which the influence, conscious and unconscious, is already traceable in the method and vein of feeling of almost every first-class novel written of late years in English. The work before us is certain to add much to this tendency.

Many years ago, under the title of "The Hallig," one of the most quaint and unpublishable gatherings of incongruous and disjointed things ever brought between two covers made a profound impression. It was written by the parson of the Halligen, a group of little islands on the bleak coast of Norway, inhabited by a people so strangely interesting that the scrupulously accurate and simple descriptions of the writer amount to a permanent contribution of data for the study of the human race.

The opening scenes of "Johannes Olaf" revive the Hallig scenes of brave dispute with merciless storm, faithful self-sacrifice, alternate joy and horror, as the augmented tides recede or rise into fatal inundation, the simple but stern faith that God is in every blast of wind and every sweep of the waves, with its visible trace of the old Scandinavian Destiny—a strange mixture of trust and stoicism—and prepare the reader for a thrilling tale. He will not be disappointed. It is one of the most absorbing works of its class. Rightly understood, it is the highest praise, that a reader lays down a book without being able if he would to become exactly the person he was before he read it. Many readers would refuse to qualify that testimony in favor of "Johannes Olaf."

ART - NOTES.

NO class of men are more restless at the approach of hot weather than the artists, whose pulses thrill with sympathy for vigorous nature. Already many of the studios are vacant, and their occupants are away sketching or enjoying the sport of fishing in the shade of huge trees, on the banks of inland lakes and brooks. In the fall, like trees, they will bear ripe fruit, and show they have been receiving the feeling of nature in their life far away from the city.

None of our sculptors have gone away, and all are working very busily. In the early development of Art in this city they received little encouragement to produce ideal work, and the portrait busts of the little children are the nearest approach to the loftiest aspiration of the artist. For careful work and delicate handling, Samuel Conkey has justly earned a wide-spread reputation, and his skill appears both in the completed copies of the medallion of Rev. William Alvin Bartlett and the model of the bust of Robert Collyer now under way. The lov-

ing sympathy of this artist with little children, renders him a fit interpreter of the beautiful lines of their faces and their graceful bodies; and his latest work is a model for a bust of the younger daughter of George M. Pullman, Esq., in which the sculptor admirably represents child-life, and the clay partakes of the flexibility of the living form—for not only the features, but the character and usual position of the child, are shown. The hair is short, and is brushed back carelessly, curling under at the neck, which is treated beautifully; and the plump little shoulders just peep out from the drapery of a low dress edged with lace. The beautiful modelling cannot be fully felt until it is reproduced in marble. But the charm of Mr. Conkey's work is, that he portrays an active, thinking mind in the joyous repose of an instant; and the appearance does not seem more fixed than it would be in life.

Another worker, who quickly perceives the character of his subject, is David Richards, a native of Wales, who has re-

cently removed to Chicago from Brooklyn. For over twenty years he has been working in marble, and many of his vigorous busts, and some excellent ideal works, can be found in New York. Chicago possesses his graceful nude figure of "Love," grasping flowers in one hand, and attempting to seize with the other a butterfly resting on the plump arm. The artist has here on exhibition his bust of "Penseroso," full of the character of melancholy. His first Chicago work has severely tested the imaginative powers of the sculptor, as, without ever having seen the lady, or securing any of those measurements so important in the making of busts, and relying only on a few pictures and verbal descriptions of her character, he commenced a model for a portrait bust of the late Mrs. Robert Laird Collier. In this he has succeeded so well that the work has been accepted by a committee of the Society, and a copy in marble for the chapel of the new church, and another for the pastor's private parlor, have been ordered. Not only the features and form, but the character of the lady, with her intellectual power and refinement of nature, have been perpetuated. There is a decided breadth of treatment, and great ease of modelling, which imparts the freedom of life to the inanimate form. The head is raised, the eyes look steadily forward, and both position and features express interested attention — attention, too, possessing that feminine delicacy so flattering to the visitor. The hair is gathered into a large coil at the back of the head, and the drapery consists of the usual dress, over which is a light mantle, with the ends carelessly thrown back over the shoulders, the loose garment being retained by a large cord fastened at the right shoulder. This is a happy departure from modern styles, and dispels any feeling of formality about the dress. Thus he skilfully combines an artistic treatment with the fidelity of portraiture, even when the obstacles are so great.

In rebuilding over our city, property owners have not felt that they could spare the means for decorating the exterior with sculpture, and hence we have only had terra cotta figures and the rude attempts of

stonecutters, who have failed in every way: therefore the patronage given by Potter Palmer in fitting up his new hotel is worthy of special praise. The main entrance on the western front of the building is covered by a balcony, on which a group, cast in zinc, has just been placed by Giovanni Meli & Son, which is the most important work yet executed at their zinc foundry. The group is colossal, and was modelled by the elder Meli, a native of Rome, who is well known, both in England and this city, for his skilful designs for terra cotta work. The group typifies the fine arts — the goddess of Music, fully clothed with flowing drapery, holding the lyre, which she is striking with the plectrum, and looking with an earnest expression into the face of a winged boy, typifying Genius, who leans against her knee, and carelessly holds his bow in one hand, and lifts in the other a lighted torch, which he forgets while interested in the music. At the side of the goddess are the sculptured capital of a Corinthian column, a palette and brushes, and a bust of Esculapius, indicating the sympathy of music with architecture, painting, and sculpture. The composition is pleasing, but the location is unfavorable. Here is a colossal group opposite the second story of the building, and the greatest attainable distance is the width of the street; the full face and muscular arms appear gross, and, worst of all, during one-half the day the figures are in deep shadow, and during the latter part the intense light dazzles the eye. Hence the group can rarely be seen at an advantage, and the liberality of the proprietor in patronizing one who attempts to unite sculpture to architecture will not be properly estimated in the public opinion.

Very many of our landscape artists have left the city, and among them is P. F. Reed, now absent on an extended sketching tour in Southern Ohio. Just before leaving he completed a medium-sized landscape, into which he introduced views from two or three points in the Alleghany Mountains. The sky is bright and full of warmth, and the light descends upon a group of trees growing on a steep bank, overhanging a land-locked lake of a deep blue color.

Then the eye rests on the only visible inlet to the lake, and, by a succession of lighter tints among the deep green foliage and over the gray branches, the line of light can be traced to the mountain in the background, which rises higher and higher, until the clouds come again into the line of vision. By this distribution of light, the artist conducts us, in a novel way, through his painting, and isolates the deep lake, even in the very centre of the picture, and does not once break the continuity, except at the rippling brook, which the artist has failed to suggest, though he succeeds in diverting the attention from the lake so far below the point of view. The graduations of shadow on the mountain-side give the idea of elevation; and the art of an experienced painter appears in the atmosphere above the lake and in the distance between the water and the precipitous bank, although on the canvas they are in immediate contiguity. The tones of color harmonize effectively, and, without sensational endeavor, the different phases of the landscape are faithfully represented.

The author of the painting of "Mount Shasta," which is now in the Vienna Exhibition, has not yet left the city, as he has much work still to do on his new picture of the same size as the "Shasta." Under the name of the "Crown of the Continent," he will give a view of the highest peak of the Rocky Mountain range, and will adhere with literal accuracy to a sketch made at the spot. When accompanied there by an artist now in Europe, his companion admired the view selected, and spoke of its fitness for a large picture. This idea has grown with Mr. Elkins, and as he arranges his work on the large canvas he finds it is not necessary to leave out any of the details; but from a lofty hill he will give a vision of a valley, of deep ravines, of tumbling water, and of a mountain-peak still grander in effect than Mount Shasta. The work is steadily progressing, but will hardly be finished before late in the fall.

The character of pictures which Mr. Elkins has painted this year is well shown in the recently completed picture of "The Woodland Stream," executed for one of our wealthy citizens. The visitor looks up

a quiet river, of a deep green hue, and full of shadowy reflections from the varied foliage, until the eye is dazzled with a blaze of white and yellow sunshine, which finds admission through a bend of the stream. No part of the right bank is visible, except where huge boulders have rolled to the water's edge; all else is entirely concealed by the overhanging branches and luxuriant undergrowth. In the foreground is a mass of water-plants, long grasses, some of which are bending, and others broken angularly by their own weight, and flowers of varied hue, reaching up to meet the foliage, which by its diversity conceals even the tree trunks, except the large branches, close at hand, of a huge over-arching beech which guards the passage of the stream by its green, yellow and brown-barked body. The left bank slopes more gently, the beach is full of stones, and the land runs down into the shallow water, forming miniature promontories and islands. A little back is a group of two walnuts and an elm, leaning from one another to seek breadth and air, and by their diversity of forms adding value to the picture. In detail they are carefully worked out, not only in the forms of the branches, but even to the terminal sprigs hanging so airily from the outreaching arms. The landscape is warmed by the gleams of sunlight which shine into the scene, touching the bank and trees, and even in the foreground make the grass, flowers, old rocks, and broken pieces of wood, attractive objects. The idea of distance is ably represented by the artist, the eye rapidly passing over a gently-undulating country to the blue hills far away; and above them little of the sky can be seen, though the low-lying light clouds drift into strata, with here and there a beautiful cumulus, and all else is clear blue sky. The minute work which the artist has given to the picture makes it a faithful representation of nature, in a warm summer's day, and the effects attained are reproductions of scenes familiar to every tourist. Tree trunks, bark, and rocks, as well as water and sky, are given with accuracy, in texture, form, and color.

We cannot forbear expressing the gratification with which we welcome a yet inglo-

riously tardy, but undoubtedly augmenting spirit of art culture in that "revived Chicago" in which we all take so much pride. There is solid hope that we may from season to season grow more conscious of what it is that we ought to be proud of in the premises. If we would boast, let us know by what tokens we may justify ourselves to a polished age. Were there nothing material on this broad, populous ground but warehouses, pork, wheat and corn, and buildings to keep them out of fire and water, and then, for the rest, dry and safe quarters in which to lodge and eat, our city might own as much, work as hard, and be as large, as it is now; but of course we would all be ashamed to live here. Take from our streets and home interiors everything ornate, and pork itself would not be attractive, nor the largest profits in cash a satisfactory compensation for turning our backs on the beautiful. Well, then, what does this signify? Merely that if the simpler and coarser forms of embellishment are necessities of life, the products of genius in high art are not to be spared from any theory of a city to be proud of. It is as practical a matter to learn how to appreciate painting, sculpture, artistic music, and architecture, as it is to judge between broadcloth and woolsey, between cowhide and morocco. In those goods the distinction is made, not by the utilitarian, but by the æsthetic sense. Everything in our daily life but a roof, a pot of coals for cooking or warmth, a mollified board to sleep on, and corn or other grain to boil for food, is outside of the jurisdiction of mere utility—unless, indeed, it falls within the hospital's domain; but we are speaking of robust people. Let us then have an end of this habit of drawing a line between the beautiful and the useful, high enough to include clothes in which to swagger, fancy horses, graceful carriages, ostentatious dwellings, delicate perfumeries, and the like, and low enough to exclude taste—we mean taste in its civilized, certified, justified dignity, as the sovereign of the beautiful in life—as something purely supererogatory in the ra-

tional business of living. A merchant should disown with indignation the ignoble confession of Girard, that his "highest emotion was a love of labor," and do himself the justice to remember that Lorenzo de Medici is a worthier model—who, without princely prerogative, in an era of contempt of all manner of commerce, roused genius from the stupor of ages, strung anew the lyre of song, endowed the aspiring pencil and the humbled chisel, filled Europe with the restored vestiges of ancient but long-forgotten learning, Italy with patrons of art and Florence with temples, statues, pictures and libraries. The mercantile spirit thus nobly vindicated five hundred years ago its right to be the handmaid of genius, the promoter of science and philosophy, the defender of faith, and the most powerful secular cause of the brilliant civilization of the nineteenth century. The sordid and petty spirit falsely implies to the young that the true ambition of life is to *possess* rather than to *be*.

Let, then, our successful men vindicate fortune's wisdom in wheeling them into power with a noble trust. Here are our artists—men who, from the mysterious promptings of the soul, have launched their hopes on the will of the rich—men

"Who through long days of labor
And nights devoid of ease,
Still heard in their souls the music
Of wonderful melodies."

and could not choose but work, with the marble or the canvas, to utter in forms and hues the messages they bear to mankind from the Father of the Universe. It was not for them to get behind the counter. Deserters from their appointed posts, they would be aliens in those they would have chosen. To men of trade and finance we say: they in their place, you in yours—and both do right by each other. But the first thing is to learn to appreciate each other's due function, its worth in society, and its right to all the conditions necessary to its complete and devoted execution. *Improve your taste, Chicago.*